

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 31 - Mountain Temple [1]

Chapter 31: Mountain Temple [1]

"Alright. Do we need to purchase more?" Lucas inquired after addressing Felicity's query.

"For now, no. You must integrate this technique into your foundation first. Buying additional items would be futile as our primary focus is mastering this skill."

Lucas nodded appreciatively. "Thank you, Felicity."

Felicity, caught off guard by the gratitude, was momentarily speechless and bewildered. She hadn't anticipated such acknowledgment from Lucas, leaving her unsure of how to react, as if there was a flaw in her understanding.

"He's just expressing gratitude!" She inwardly reassured herself.

"W-Well... There's no need to worry about it. I'm simply standing by my words," she reluctantly replied, attempting to boost her confidence despite the awkwardness.

Lucas offered only a sincere smile before heading to the cashier.

Felicity took a calm breath and followed Lucas to the counter.

Lucas used the money Arthur had given him as a gesture of gratitude to purchase the martial technique. Once done, they exited the shop and found a quiet spot on the city's outskirts to discuss their next steps.

"I feel like a dependent child," mumbled Lucas as he settled into a plant box near the city walls.

"It's understandable, given the limited knowledge," he continued before Felicity could respond.

"If you're wondering about our next move, focus on mastering the technique we just acquired," Felicity suggested.

Lucas inquired, "Where should I practice it?"

Felicity activated her Celestial Senses without responding, connecting with the Qi in the surrounding area, allowing her to perceive a 10,000 km radius.

For a brief moment, silence enveloped the scene as Felicity surveyed the area. Finally, she paused, directing her gaze towards Lucas.

"We should head to the Mountain Temple. It's a mountain with a flat top, making it an ideal location for your training," Felicity suggested.

Despite feeling somewhat directionless, Lucas nonchalantly shrugged off his uncertainty and rose with a smile. He sought to recollect his purpose and the reason he had embarked on the path of cultivation, sensing a slight emptiness within.

It wasn't a pursuit of power that motivated him. Surprisingly content with magic, even in a world lacking the mana he was accustomed to, Lucas wouldn't have cultivated solely to ascend to the upper heavens if not for the desire to coexist with other immortals. After contemplation, Lucas stood up, wearing an enthusiastic expression as if revitalized.

"Felicity, let's go! I'm eager to practice this martial technique."

Felicity, without uttering a word, nodded before taking flight. Lucas followed suit, momentarily forgetting their need for discretion.

As they soared through the sky for nearly two hours, passing diverse landscapes, cities, forests, mountains, and lakes, they eventually reached the southern part of the eastern region where the Mountain Temple awaited.

"Do you think the place will be devoid of people?" Lucas inquired.

Felicity cast a silent sidelong glance at him. "It's uninhabited. The journey takes months, and it's far from settlements."

"I see... So, I can have some privacy then," Lucas remarked.

"It won't be complete privacy. We still need permission from a specific individual since it's privately owned," Felicity explained.

"Really? Then why choose that location?" Lucas questioned.

Attempting to recall the reason, Felicity's lips quivered, triggering memories from her training days instead of providing a direct response to Lucas.

"It's because... I hope to find a trace of my friend from my training days. It was a place they owned, so I chose it," Felicity confessed, her head lowered, and her speed slightly decreasing.

Noticing the change, Lucas instinctively halted and approached her. "I don't know what happened, but if your decision has brought you sadness, I'm sorry," he offered, attempting to comfort Felicity.

"No, it's okay. Let's continue," she replied before resuming her movement.

Lucas didn't immediately follow, departing with a sympathetic expression.

'I guess I'll have to do my best for her,' he thought before trailing Felicity.

A few minutes later, a vast mountain came into view for Lucas. Surrounded by towering rock formations that almost seemed to touch the sky, clouds became more frequent as they approached. The mountain's peak remained hidden from sight.

Lucas marveled at the majestic sight, captivated by the towering mountains encircled by skyscraper-like rocks.

As Felicity slowly ascended, Lucas observed the flat land and the peak behind her. A pavilion adorned the flat space, leaving him curious about how a structure could endure such high altitudes. He pondered the sustainability of life in this location, considering the temple's seemingly well-maintained appearance since its foundation.

Felicity's brief smile faltered when she sensed a hostile aura emanating from the mountain. Choosing not to land on the pavilion, she paused, uncomfortable with the atmosphere.

"Wait a moment, Lucas. There's something wrong with this place. Can you indulge my selfish request?" Felicity asked after activating her Celestial Senses.

"Hm...? I'm all ears," Lucas replied casually, his gaze fixed on the pavilion.

"I think there's someone in that pavilion. It doesn't seem friendly towards other cultivators," she informed.

"Got it. So, what's the plan?"

Felicity hesitated briefly before sharing her thoughts.

"I want to go first. Please don't follow me," she requested, her words carrying a hint of reluctance.

Observing her shame, Lucas sighed with closed eyes. "Go. I'm not against it," he agreed, creating a platform in the air to sit on.

Felicity remained unperturbed, her attention fixed on the pavilion, showing no surprise.

"Thank you. I'll be back once I resolve this," she declared before descending to the pavilion.

However, her progress was impeded by barriers crafted from a formation. Not just any formation, but one created by a profound Array Master, evident from the symbol surpassing the standards of this world.

Undeterred, Felicity swung her sleeve, generating a ripple effect that shattered the formation. Cracks resonated as the barrier began to dissipate. Standing confidently, Felicity systematically dismantled each layer until she successfully landed.

"This is nostalgic," were the first words to escape Felicity's lips upon setting foot outside the pavilion.

The mountain's peak, broad and flattened, hosted a lone prominent pavilion.

"However, I can't recall any expert within her family, considering she stated that her family was cursed. It makes no sense for them to produce a formidable cultivator," she mumbled, reverting to her initial purpose for landing.

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 32 - Mountain Temple [2]

Chapter 32: Mountain Temple [2]

"I demand you vacate the pavilion and face me. I need an explanation right now! Who are you, and why are you in the Mountain Temple owned by my friend's family, the Lou Family?!" Felicity roared, her eyes ablaze with fury, as if shooting daggers at an unseen adversary.

A moment of silence ensued, the area devoid of sound as Felicity advanced toward the pavilion.

Just steps away from the platform, a light-formed dagger shot toward her. Instinctively, Felicity dodged, causing the daggers to strike the ground instead.

She glared at the unseen source, realizing her opponent possessed considerable skill in remaining concealed.

'Tsk. This bastard appears to have a unique cultivation technique, masking their presence almost on par with my senses. This is troublesome,' she inwardly hissed, still fixing her gaze on the pavilion.

As she continued her approach, more daggers were launched at her. Gracefully evading each one, Felicity found herself dancing, an unintended performance born out of necessity.

A swift dagger targeted her, forcing her to step back and dodge another. The relentless assault seemed to taunt her identity.

How could a location in the lower heavens present a challenge like this? Unacceptable.

Driven by fury, Felicity activated a technique, exponentially increasing her speed. However, this option wasn't initially on the table, as her techniques consumed a significant amount of spiritual energy.

Being a former strong cultivator from the upper heavens, the techniques at her disposal were ill-suited for her current energy reserves, posing a risk of depletion.

Desperation fueled her decision, and in the blink of an eye, she reached the top room of the pavilion.

Violently opening the door, she entered with angry stomps.

"Who are you?" she demanded of the silhouette before her.

The figure, the same height as Lucas, revealed a male form. However, silence met her inquiry.

Hissing in frustration, she conjured a Spiritual Sword in her hands, crafted from her own spiritual energy and condensed into a tangible form. Despite the considerable Qi expenditure, Felicity's attention remained fixed on the mysterious figure and the place itself.

"I am... No one," the silhouette responded in a hoarse voice.

Felicity raised an eyebrow and scrutinized the figure once more, employing her Celestial Senses.

"You... who are you really?" Felicity demanded, her voice carrying an authoritative tone.

Growing impatient, Felicity pointed her Spiritual Sword at him.

"I am..."

"The master of this mountain," he declared, and as he spoke, his figure began to transform.

Felicity staggered backward, witnessing the silhouette morph into a beastly form resembling a tiger. As the creature approached, the light from her spiritual sword revealed its appearance.

Baffled, Felicity struggled to find words to describe what she was witnessing.

"You are not a human..." she exclaimed, realizing that the creature before her was a magical beast at the pinnacle of the Emperor Spirit Realm.

"No way..." she mumbled, feeling inferior in the creature's presence.

Anticipating an attack, Felicity braced herself, but to her surprise, none came. Instead, she noticed the magical beast's iris dilate, seemingly expressing a sense of melancholy.

"Grooh..." the magical beast emitted a low roar before turning away from her.

Confused about why the creature didn't attack, Felicity created a light and followed it.

They entered a room filled with an unpleasant smell, not hurting her nose but rather intensified by the strong scent of herbs.

As Felicity illuminated the dark room, the light reflected off a display glass. Observing the glass, she was astonished to see a person lying inside, appearing as if peacefully asleep. However, the overpowering herbal scent indicated the person's demise, preserved only by the herbs.

"Mary Lou..." Felicity mumbled with quivering lips, an urge to cry welling up as tears flowed uncontrollably.

Gazing at the magical beast, she questioned, "What's the meaning of this?"

The beast responded with a roar, leaving Felicity unable to comprehend.

"Is this really Mary? I thought... I thought she was already dead. Does this mean she lied to me?" she pondered, tears streaming down her face.

Felicity felt another wave of betrayal, but this time it cut deeper, a piercing pain deeply rooted in her heart.

Her only friend in the Mortal Heaven, Mary Lou, a mortal, had died before Felicity could return to the upper heavens. Now, she discovered that Mary's body had been preserved for almost a thousand years.

"What is really happening? Why are the heavens letting me witness your eternal slumber?"

"What happened? Why... are you still there? It makes me sad to see you in this state. How can I look at you right now?"

Turning to the magical beast, Felicity ordered it to revert to human form. The beast complied and struggled to articulate its words.

"What happened? Answer me!"

"I... am sorry... But... my sister... didn't explain it to me..."

Felicity's expression became inscrutable upon hearing the magical beast's words.

"Sister? Who's your sister?" she questioned in an authoritative tone.

The magical beast pointed at Mary Lou, lying inside.

"She's your sister?"

The magical beast nodded. "A sister... in blood."

The revelation left Felicity frozen. The sadness of witnessing her friend's eternal slumber was compounded by the confusion surrounding the magical beast's revelation.

What does this mean? If she was the magical beast's sibling, did that imply she, too, was a magical beast?

"But... Mary said... their bloodline was only cursed..." Felicity struggled to resist the sobs and hiccups of her cry.

"But it doesn't mean that she... hasn't had the blood of a magical beast..." Felicity mumbled.

"Our mother... was... like me... but only sister... became a human... making her human bloodline cursed... So... she can't cultivate..." the magical beast explained.

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 33 - Mountain Temple [3]

Chapter 33: Mountain Temple [3]

Lucas, left outside, contemplated the unfolding events within. Nearly 30 minutes had passed without any indication of a skirmish. Concerned, he wondered if something had happened to Felicity.

Feeling restless, Lucas contemplated following her, but he recalled Felicity's selfish request and respected her wishes. Instead of trailing her, he activated his ability to see through walls, respecting her desire for privacy in her friend's place.

As he activated his eye, unsettling figures materialized before him. The experience was always disturbing when his ability was engaged. The current view revealed silhouettes, their faces obscured by the darkness inside.

Perplexed, Lucas squinted to discern the figures more clearly. Two human shapes emerged—one with long hair, presumably Felicity, and the other her supposed opponent.

Yet, in Lucas's eyes, they didn't appear to be engaged in combat.

"Did they finally understand each other? Well, since I really don't know Felicity's personality, I can't just assume that she's a hot-tempered person," he chuckled, recalling Felicity's expressions when irritated.

Though the exposure to Felicity's temperament was brief, it offered Lucas enough insight to grasp her personality, even if only a fraction of it.

Opting to make productive use of his time rather than waiting, Lucas engaged in cultivation. Positioned at a high altitude, he felt the spiritual energy density increase, resulting in tangible improvements in his cultivation.

Lucas contemplated, 'Well, even though I can use the third energy for magic, I can't neglect martial arts since, in cultivation, martial arts are a must for cultivators. It will be useless if they fight using pure strength without a form,' before embarking on his cultivation journey.

He began by inhaling the spiritual energy enveloping him, channeling his focus to convert every available resource. Slowly and methodically, he visualized the process within his third energy. Glowing energy manifested near his chest as he absorbed the third energy flowing through his core into the third energy pool.

As the accumulation progressed, he sensed the imminent breakthrough.

"Why is it that I can't have enlightenment? From the books I read, it says that enlightenment helps to break through to another stage, but I haven't experienced it. Does it mean that I will have no problem breaking through?"

Undeterred, Lucas continued his cultivation, assessing the progress of his dantian. While slightly behind his third energy, it was still promising.

Opting to pour the remaining third energy into his pool, Lucas experienced a breakthrough to the next stage.

A smile graced his lips. Despite his ignorance in various aspects, he found solace in being able to focus on two types of cultivation.

Lucas sensed his cultivation base advancing to the next stage, officially reaching the 1st level in the General Spirit Realm.

Even though he aspired to focus solely on his cultivation base, Lucas couldn't ignore his dantian, aware that neglecting it could lead to an explosion. Consequently, he dedicated his attention to cultivating both energy pools simultaneously.

Lucas halted his cultivation when he realized that progressing by conventional means would take months. Recognizing the need to delve into arrays, he yearned for a method to attract spiritual energy swiftly.

"Sighs... Why am I even impatient? Is this how I'm eager to go to the upper heavens? This feels like I'm currently living in the living quarters of backwater practitioners."

Despite his impatience, Lucas still desired to savor the world. Socializing seemed like the only way, but he felt disconnected from the Lim family.

"Wait... I still don't know about the Lim family's operation! Maybe I can try to waste my time there. But first, I will try to have Felicity make sure that she can help me ascend in 10 years. If not, then I can just do it on my own," he mumbled after contemplation.

Admittedly, he acknowledged being overly fixated on cultivation, considering it part of his training. Another aspect of this world caught his attention—the Sects.

"I will also try to join sects or even families before I ascend. Hm... this feels like it will be similar to my hobby in the previous world."

Recalling his experience in the previous world, Lucas had associated with families initially, but he eventually distanced himself from their endless schemes. It was a key factor in becoming a legend in that world.

Observing Felicity's progress at the pavilion, Lucas squinted as he saw her touch a square-like figure.

"Is that a pot?" he wondered at first, but using more third energy, he discerned it as a human figure lying on a platform.

Lucas paid little mind, assuming it might be another person inside the pavilion. However, upon closer inspection, he noticed Felicity embracing the motionless human.

Patching up the details, he mumbled in surprise, "Is that a corpse?"

Acting swiftly, Lucas left his third energy platform and rushed to the pavilion, hoping he was mistaken and the person wasn't dead. If the individual was alive but unwell, perhaps he could assist Felicity in healing them.

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

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 34 - Mary Luo [1]

Chapter 34: Mary Luo [1]

Felicity was engulfed in grief, cradling her first friend in her embrace.

Despite the frigid temperature of the lifeless body, Felicity vividly recalled the warmth of Mary's skin from her memories, as if she were still fully alive.

Uncontrollable tears streamed down her face, and the urge for hiccups and sobs overwhelmed her. After learning Mary's story from her magical beast sibling, Larry, Felicity felt an overwhelming guilt for enjoying Mary's company while being oblivious to her friend's plight.

"If only I knew. I could help you... But... I hesitated to tell you that I came from the upper heavens. If only I could, you would open up about your problem too, right?" she cried, regretting her past hesitation when Mary was still well.

Mary's current state teetered on the edge of a precipice. Her blood, infused with a portion of a magical beast, was the sole reason she clung to life.

Who would have thought that thousands of years had passed, yet Mary persisted as if she were a cultivator or an immortal?

"How... can I even help you now that I am powerless?" Felicity's voice wavered, nearly drowned in her breathing.

As Felicity prepared to resume crying, the door abruptly swung open, revealing Lucas's hurried expression.

Larry, detecting Lucas's presence, materialized before him, fangs nearly visible, and a dagger of light in hand.

However, Lucas remained vigilant, erecting a barrier to shield himself from the sudden attack. The ensuing clash produced a cacophony of loud clangs and screeching sounds that echoed throughout the room.

Felicity directed a gaze at Lucas, her eyes brimming with sadness. Wiping away her tears, she addressed Larry, who remained vigilant in the presence of Lucas, an apparent match for his strength.

"Larry, he's with me. Let him in," Felicity asserted, a command Larry promptly obeyed.

Confused by the somber atmosphere, Lucas sensed that someone had recently passed away. Encouragingly, he looked at Felicity, hoping to provide solace even though he couldn't bring back the dead.

"What happened?" he inquired, approaching Felicity.

For a moment, Felicity remained silent, her eyes fixed on Mary's lifeless body.

"She's my first friend, Mary... But right now, she is currently at the edge of the cliff," Felicity quickly stated, halting momentarily.

Lucas refrained from pressing for more details, recognizing the gravity of the situation. In this instance, he could only listen to Felicity's account.

After some time, Felicity gently laid Mary on the ground, wiping away her tears. Seating herself in a chair near the open display glass, she spoke briefly.

"I thought that visiting here would be okay. But I was just reminded of the past," she said before taking a breath.

Continuing, she shared, "When I was still a child, I was sent here for training. Since my father came from a humble background, he wanted me to experience the effort required to attain my desires. Thus, my father sent me here to cultivate."

"But it wasn't the case for my past arrogant self. Coming from the upper heavens, living here disgusted me, as the Qi in the environment paled in comparison to the Celestial Heaven. I complained to my father's men, but in the end, I was unsuccessful."

Felicity shared her tale with a mix of sorrow and nostalgia.

"It was just for a short moment. After I met a thoughtful mortal, Mary."

"Her insights into everything were broad as a vast sea. I thought at first that she just made up things, but when I got deeper into socializing with other people, I realized that I was wrong. Mary taught me how to be wise and kind to everyone. Because of her, I became friends with anyone I met. Hahaha, yet I was still betrayed in the Celestial Heaven."

"I enjoyed her company. It was also the time when I discovered that she couldn't cultivate because her bloodline was cursed, making their family lack the talent to cultivate."

"After a few months, my training days had finally ended, and I was excited about spending the rest of my time with her, but...I only got to hear from her family that she was dead. She died because of an unknown disease, degenerating her cells into ashes."

"That was all... My first friend died, and after years, I finally moved on, thinking that it was her destiny. A harsh one, however. I decided to go back here, to the Mountain Temple, since they own this place. I was thinking that I might have a chance to see her remnant and our remnant, our memories in this place."

"However, I could only be devastated when I discovered everything. I thought it was easy, but the pain I felt went back to piercing my heart. I realized I was so stupid that I didn't even discover that she was suffering from a curse of being stuck between a human and a magical beast. Her genes were extremely equal, making her unable to eat monster cores or cultivate like a human."

"That... was a harsh revelation for me. I could only discover that she had a brother who was a magical beast and also the master of this mountain. Do you mind if I tell you the story too?"

Lucas remained silent, nodding to encourage Felicity to continue. She smiled in response, continuing her story and relieving some of the burdens weighing on her heart.

Felicity continued to unravel the complex history of her friend.

"Her father was a human, but her mother was a magical beast. And at that time, heaven wasn't strict. Thus, stronger and more mature magical beasts could stay in this realm. Her parents fell in love, resulting in both of them as the fruit of their love."

"However, at that time, Mountain Temple wasn't a property of the Luo family. Instead, it was owned by her mother's father, also her grandfather, who was against their relationship. And it resulted in her mother and grandfather fighting over the ownership of the mountain."

"The fight ended a few months after her birth, and as a result, the peak of the mountain was flattened. However, before her grandfather died, he cast a curse on her father's blood, which made her family's descendants lack a talent for cultivating, even those who were already born. Her mother tried to fix it, but it was futile and only resulted in her death. But it was still fortunate that they were able to give birth to a magical beast."

"Years later, her father made a family, and she accepted it willingly. But the curse was still there, devastating her new siblings. And that's... why I thought she was just a mortal that I couldn't help. But when I discovered earlier that she was a half-magical beast, I regretted everything. My family is an expert on magical beasts. If only I opened up my real background... she wouldn't suffer from this..."

After absorbing the heartbreaking tale, Lucas finally broke his silence. "What kind of magical beast did she come from?"

"Mystic White Tiger," Felicity said.

She continued with a heavy heart. "And right now, she is bedridden. She has been since thousands of years ago when I first saw her. Her condition was just half-dead because of her exhaustion from not taking spiritual energy since she was born. And her magical beast blood was the only reason for her life to be prolonged, even at death's door."

Lucas, witnessing Felicity's grief, couldn't stay silent. Without much thought, he expressed his thoughts.

"I don't want you to hope for the best, but if I can do what I did to you, will you let me?" he said, leaving Felicity dumbfounded.

"W-What do you mean?"

"I want to redo her body's condition, but I can't be sure it will work. You wouldn't mind if I try?"

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 35 - Mary Luo [2]

Chapter 35: Mary Luo [2]

2

Felicity's muscles tensed at the sound of Lucas's determined words. The danger in his plan was glaringly obvious. How could she stand by and allow him to take such a risk?

Yet, Lucas remained resolute, his conviction unwavering. It wasn't merely confidence that drove him; he had a surplus of third energy at his disposal.

"I can't permit this. It's too risky," Felicity insisted, her tone laced with urgency.

Lucas met her gaze with a steady shake of his head. "I understand the risks, but I'm prepared. What matters is whether you trust me enough to do this, not the potential consequences."

Silence hung heavy between them as Felicity struggled with her emotions. Finally, she spoke, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I understand your determination. But promise me, if it becomes too dangerous, you'll stop. I can't bear to lose anyone else, especially not you," she pleaded, her words tinged with desperation.

With a reassuring exhale, Lucas approached the exposed display glass. While Larry remained oblivious, Felicity's anxiety mounted at the thought of Lucas reliving past dangers.

A gentle smile graced Lucas's lips as he approached a woman of striking beauty. Her short hair framed a face that, even in sleep, radiated elegance. Long eyelashes brushed against her cheeks, a testament to her natural allure.

But it wasn't just her appearance; her skin, though cool to the touch, retained a softness that hinted at her underlying vitality.

As Lucas began to chant, a soft glow emanated from his palms, casting a warm light in the dim room.

Felicity found herself captivated, transported to a realm of enchantment by the spell Lucas was weaving. It was as though his incantation had unlocked a gateway to a realm of profound tranquility.

As Lucas progressed to the next phase of the spell, his words carried a weight of ancient power, each syllable resonating with purpose. A shimmer of light trailed his gestures, illuminating the room with a magical aura.

Larry, though unaware of the intricacies of Lucas's actions, couldn't help but be drawn in by the spectacle. Excitement lit up his eyes, reflecting the intensity of the moment.

However, Lucas soon began to feel the strain of his efforts, though he masked his fatigue. Overestimating his abilities with the heightened energy of his third cultivation, he pressed on, envisioning the intricate magic circle in his mind's eye, willing the light to intensify.

But reality deviated from his expectations. Mary's unique condition posed unforeseen challenges, pushing Lucas to his limits and beyond.

A sharp intake of breath escaped him as dizziness clouded his senses. His determination wavered as he grappled with the harsh reality of the situation.

"I can't..." Lucas admitted, his voice a mix of frustration and exhaustion. Yet, an unrelenting urge pushed him to continue despite the futility of his efforts.

Felicity's concern deepened as she observed Lucas's struggle. Her expression morphed into one of worry, her heart pleading for him to cease his exertions.

"Lucas, please..." Her voice carried a note of desperation, a plea for him to prioritize his well-being over his determination to heal Mary.

Though she remained clueless about the intricacies of Lucas's magic, her unwavering faith in him mingled with her growing apprehension, creating a tumultuous mix of emotions within her.

Lucas persisted, channeling every ounce of energy into the spell. Minutes stretched into an eternity, pushing Lucas to the brink of exhaustion. Finally, he relented, ceasing the incantation and taking a moment to catch his breath. His gaze met Felicity's, filled with regret and sorrow.

"I apologize for raising your hopes. I cannot facilitate her recovery. I'm sorry," Lucas confessed, his voice heavy with disappointment.

Felicity, however, offered a gentle shake of her head, her acceptance already tempered by a foreseen outcome. Perhaps Lucas's magical abilities were limited to human healing after all.

In the background, Larry snapped out of his trance, his expression returning to its usual impassive state. He observed the exchange silently, pondering the events that had transpired.

"It's alright. I knew her condition was beyond conventional healing. Even with my family's expertise in magical beasts, I couldn't find a solution," Felicity replied, a bitter smile tugging at her lips.

"But what will become of her?" Lucas inquired, his concern evident in his voice.

Felicity paused, gathering her thoughts before meeting Lucas's gaze squarely.

"I understand that I promised to assist you in your ascent to higher realms as gratitude for saving my life. However, in light of Mary's situation, I'm unsure if I can fulfill that promise..." Felicity's voice trailed off, her dilemma palpable.

Lucas wasn't surprised by her revelation. He had anticipated Felicity's loyalty to her friend would outweigh any obligation she felt from their agreement.

"I understand, and I don't hold it against you. You've already done so much for me, and I believe I can continue my journey independently. Don't carry guilt for prioritizing your friend," Lucas reassured her, his tone earnest yet tinged with a hint of amusement.

With an awkward chuckle, Lucas acknowledged the complexities of their relationship and the maturity that came with accepting life's uncertainties.

"No... that's not what I mean. I want to be with you and repay your kindness. Even if it's only for a lifetime, I have gained a new purpose in my life, and meeting you was part of it. Please, Lucas... No... Master, I want to be your servant."

Lucas was momentarily stunned, his ears ringing with Felicity's unexpected declaration. Her desire to serve him, to repay his kindness, caught him off guard. The notion of Felicity becoming his servant seemed unfathomable to him.

She was not only breathtakingly beautiful but also held a status far above him in every regard, hailing from the upper heavens. The disparity in their positions was undeniable.

It was Lucas who should have been the servant, not Felicity.

Speechless, Lucas stared at Felicity with a mix of surprise and disbelief, silently urging her to repeat her words.

"A servant? Are you serious? You're far too esteemed to be my servant. I can't even begin to consider myself worthy of such a title," Lucas finally managed to articulate, his voice tinged with incredulity.

"No, you are worthy," Felicity insisted, her tone resolute. "You not only healed my failing body but also possess remarkable talent in mystical arts despite your lower cultivation level. Do you realize that most practitioners proficient in mystical arts are at least in the second realm of cultivation? You are more than qualified, Lucas."

Felicity was privy to Lucas's origins, knowing he wasn't entirely of their world. However, she understood the limitations imposed by the laws of cultivation.

Moreover, Lucas held a special significance to her. During the month when she monitored his recovery, she felt a unique connection with him. Upon examining herself post-recovery, she discovered traces of unfamiliar energy, likely remnants from Lucas.

The realization of their intertwined fates added a layer of complexity to their relationship, one that Lucas struggled to fully comprehend.

"Are you certain about this?" Lucas inquired, his tone tinged with a hint of uncertainty.

Despite his initial hesitance, Lucas had grown accustomed to having servants in his past world. There, people would vie for the chance to serve him. However, in this new realm with its own set of rules, Lucas felt the weight of responsibility and the need for careful consideration.

"This world is vast and different from my own. If Felicity becomes my servant, she'll be intertwined with my life and concerns," Lucas mused internally, reflecting on the implications of such a decision.

Taking a deep breath, Lucas placed his hands gently on Felicity's shoulders, drawing her attention. As he leaned in closer, Felicity tensed, her reluctance palpable.

"Why do you wish to be my servant?" Lucas questioned, a standard inquiry he posed to those seeking such a role. His response would hinge on her answer.

Felicity's response was swift yet bashful. "I want to accompany and repay you. While I may not have much to offer now, I promise to repay your kindness once you ascend to the upper heavens. Please, allow me the chance to serve you and express my gratitude," she pleaded.

Straightening up, Lucas regarded Felicity with a thoughtful gaze, acknowledging her sincerity.

"If that is truly your desire, then I won't question it further. I owe you gratitude for your guidance thus far. I've learned a great deal," Lucas acknowledged before initiating a spell, formalizing their bond into a master-servant relationship. Through this pact, Lucas would gain knowledge of Felicity's whereabouts if they were in the same realm.

motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!