

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 36 - Pocket Dimension

Chapter 36: Pocket Dimension

"So, does this mean I'll need to undergo training for the Origin Martial Technique we purchased?" Lucas inquired, a sense of unexpected change unfolding within him, fostering a newfound sense of independence.

Though only a few days had passed, Lucas found himself drawn to Felicity's determined spirit. However, admiration didn't equate to binding promises in his worldview. He believed promises were often transient, subject to change or even betrayal.

With a sigh, he absorbed Felicity's plan. "You aim to heal May Luo with your family's aid. But how do you intend to achieve that? Isn't your family based in Celestial Heaven?" Lucas questioned, still navigating the intricacies of the interconnected realms.

Unaware of the extensive network of powerful families with branches across realms, Lucas sought clarification. Felicity elucidated, "We have a branch in Immortal Heaven, where they will recognize me based on my essence."

Understanding the logistical aspect, Lucas delved deeper, "But how will you bring Mary Luo? Won't the ascension process pose challenges?"

Even if some individuals had previously passed the ascension test, returning to lower realms necessitated retesting unless they held exceptional recognition.

Felicity's expression shifted, grappling with the complexities of their plan. Sensing her concern, Lucas's mind raced with possibilities.

As an idea took shape, Lucas closed his eyes, focusing his mana to craft an item without relying on his third energy, showcasing his resourcefulness and adaptability in navigating their predicament.

However, there was a loophole in the test system—those who had already taken the test could exploit it if the test remained unchanged from the past. The 10 Judgement Hell's Path, a complex ten-floored, three-dimensional space, offered varying tests on each level. With minimal oversight, only the highest floor had regulators monitoring the tests. This lack of scrutiny allowed those retrying the test to use their knowledge to their advantage.

"This presents a significant challenge," Felicity sighed, her spirits dampened by the complexities of their plan. Lucas, sensing her distress, seized upon an idea.

Instinctively, he closed his eyes and focused on regulating his mana. Opting not to rely on his third energy, he channeled pure mana to create an item with precision.

Using Creation Magic, Lucas manipulated particles to form the item, mimicking the process of creating water by conjuring particles with mana. Felicity watched in awe, marveling at Lucas's ability to wield creation-type mystical arts.

As minutes passed, Lucas completed his creation—a unique ring with a pocket dimension resembling a natural environment. While it drained a significant portion of his mana, the ring served as a viable solution for Felicity to transport Mary Luo without detection.

The ring, adorned with a gold band and a green stone, stood as a testament to Lucas's ingenuity and resourcefulness in overcoming their challenges.

"This is for you. It's a pocket dimension I created, and I've also applied spiritual energy to activate it. Just ensure it remains intact, as repairing a damaged pocket dimension is risky and challenging," Lucas explained, offering the dimensional ring to Felicity.

Felicity was astounded. "How did you manage to create a dimensional ring suitable for living creatures? Isn't the interior of a dimensional space typically hazardous?" she inquired, her curiosity piqued.

Lucas shook his head, contradicting Felicity's assumptions. "The pocket dimension within this ring mimics the natural environment of our world," he clarified.

Reflecting on his achievement, Lucas marveled at his ability to defy conventional cultivation laws. "I was fortunate to possess skills that transcend the limitations of cultivation. Normally, creating such a ring would be exceedingly difficult. But magic allows for rapid acquisition of extraordinary abilities, unlike cultivation, which requires years to master a single mystical art," Lucas mused to himself.

Felicity was left speechless, grappling with the implications of Lucas's extraordinary abilities. "Lucas, what exactly are you? How can you perform mystical arts that defy the rules of cultivation? While you may be at the pinnacle of the Master Spirit Realm or beyond, this level of mastery is unprecedented," she remarked, her eyes filled with determination and curiosity.

"I've already mentioned that I'm not native to this realm like you," Lucas responded cryptically, evading Felicity's probing questions. Sensing her eagerness for answers, he added, "I promise to explain everything when we meet again. For now, let's focus on the task at hand, okay?"

As Felicity realized she had reached a dead end in her inquiries, she relented.

"I understand. I won't pry any further. But don't be surprised if I uncover information that you haven't disclosed," she remarked with a hint of humor, acknowledging Lucas's elusive nature.

Lucas chuckled at Felicity's persistence, confident that she wouldn't uncover anything about his origins in this world.

He gently tapped Felicity's shoulder. "So, what's the plan now? When do you intend to depart?" Lucas inquired.

Felicity pondered before responding, "Ideally, I'd like to leave now. However, I'm concerned that you might still need my assistance."

"You've already done more than enough. Don't worry about me. How do you plan to navigate the ascension test?" Lucas queried.

Felicity explained, "I just need to utter a specific word to initiate the test. It's a combination of my name and the name of the test."

With Larry and Mary Luo now inside the pocket dimension, Felicity prepared to bid farewell to Lucas.

"Thank you for everything, Lucas. I'll see you again," she said, a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"Thank you as well. And remember our agreement," Lucas replied with a smirk.

Felicity returned his smirk. "Likewise. But how can I trust you'll keep your end of the bargain?"

Lucas shrugged nonchalantly. "Well, I am an immortal, after all."

Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World Chapter 37 - Formless Art

Chapter 37: Formless Art

When Felicity finally left, Lucas found himself alone in the pagoda. He had nothing but his own determination. Feeling the familiar pull of aimlessness, he decided to channel his energy into training, hoping to awaken his wish to live among immortals.

"I wonder what's happening with Felicity now... Oh, right, she just left," he mused, slapping his forehead. He couldn't believe how quickly he was reverting to his old self.

'I better practice the Origin Martial Technique now,' he resolved.

With renewed determination, Lucas exited the pagoda and stood on the flat, cemented ground outside. He opened the book detailing the technique and carefully read through its contents. As he absorbed the information, he sighed.

"The technique basically says to be talentless. What a joke. If it weren't for what Felicity said, I'd call this the most useless technique I've ever read. But I must admit, even though it didn't make sense at first, I eventually grasped the meaning behind those words."

The Origin Martial Technique advised practitioners to refrain from incorporating physical training initially. It didn't prohibit physical training altogether; it simply cautioned against embedding martial arts into one's foundation too early.

As Lucas contemplated the technique's guidance—essentially instructing him not to practice his reflexes—he sighed again, feeling the weight of the challenge ahead.

First, the technique instructs you to concentrate on the lotus form. During your breathing exercises, meditate and visualize a fight involving only bare hands.

This aligns with the section that advocates becoming talentless, as those who merely imagine and fantasize are often perceived as less talented.

It's unfortunate to think that fantasizing means you can't attain something. But for Lucas, this was nonsense—mages needed a wild imagination. However, this martial technique came from a different world with its own rules, which Lucas had yet to fully understand.

Second, the practitioner must not cut corners or shorten the process. Learning the technique partially is useless; it must be mastered in its entirety.

"Patience is just a game to me... I've lived over a thousand years only to die, so I have to learn this... Or am I even making sense?" Lucas muttered to himself.

Third, the practitioner must be imaginative rather than practical. This applies solely to the technique, not to overall discipline. After reading this, Lucas took a moment to breathe and reflect.

In summary, Lucas needed to learn how to fight within his mind. He had to complete the entire process and make it a part of his foundation. Since this martial art was designed for those with no natural talent, the first step was to master the basics through imagination.

"Basics..."

After a few days, weeks, and months, Lucas finally grasped about half of the technique. His mental images of movements were shadows of himself, envisioning a martial arts

master. These imagined figures were sharp and precise, capable of deadly strikes with a single arm. Such visions were the aspirations of someone talentless in martial arts.

His hands and movements became less refined and more awkward.

Despite his uncertainty about the technique's effectiveness, he trusted Felicity's assurance that it was tailored for him.

Lucas had no desire for martial arts expertise. If anything, he aspired to be like a drunken master.

This was a childhood dream. However, realizing his lack of physical talent, he turned to the mind, to magic.

After another month, Lucas stood up from his meditation. It felt as if the martial technique had become a part of his foundation. During cultivation, his body felt more relaxed and light. As he calmed himself, it was as though clouds became his companions, lifting him skyward and carrying him across great distances.

The more he practiced, the more surreal it became. The sky transformed from a blank canvas to a vivid blue, the sea became clear, and rivers exuded tranquility. In his mind, mountains formed, and atop one stood a version of himself, swaying his arms—soft, formless, yet deadly.

"So, this is the purpose of the technique? After days of intense imagination and cultivation, I wonder if there's been any real result," Lucas murmured, examining his body.

In reality, his physique had become more defined. Though he hadn't engaged in physical training, the spiritual energy he accumulated over those days had nourished him.

Feeling accomplished, he exhaled deeply and began to float.

"I've completed the martial technique. It signifies that I've finally comprehended it; if I've reached this point, I can now move forward. I wonder what I need to learn next."

As he pondered this, a vicious smile curled on his lips.

"I will study more... I will master more martial techniques!" he declared, laughing.

But suddenly, his laughter stopped. A clicking sound snapped him out of his thoughts, jolting him back to reality.

"What's happening to me? Why am I becoming power-hungry? I only want to live among immortals. Ugh... I'll remain aimless for a few months, and if I feel like it, I'll try to live with the people here," he muttered.

Lucas knew it would be dangerous if he strayed from his true path. He had almost fallen into a trance, but his real goal brought him back. However, for now, things needed to change. He had to embrace this aimlessness, finding clarity in the moment to eventually reach his goal, for him to not fall into the same loop of thirst for power.

He descended to the mainland, resuming his cultivation. After months, he realized it was becoming futile—he had cultivated enough and couldn't progress further.

He understood that reaching the Emperor stage would be difficult, as he was currently at the 3rd level of the King Spirit Realm in both of his energy pools.

He had broken through two more stages since then. The abundance of the Mountain Temple filled him with gratitude for Felicity's guidance.

Swish!

He flew straight, swiftly, slicing through the clouds. Vacuum sound reverberated. People below could only wonder why the clouds split as if someone was moving through them.

But Lucas was unaware that people were witnessing his movements as a phenomenon. The sight of the sky splitting was far from ordinary. However, Lucas couldn't care less about what he was doing. He felt lost, as if darkness had covered his vision. Unfamiliar with his surroundings, he was uncertain about his next steps. His only thought was to live in the moment.

"What the heck! Where should I go? Should I go there? Here? Wait! I'm just going to buy something, so what if I go to Morning Sun City? But I don't even know where it is..." he muttered to himself, feeling increasingly confused.

Despite the benefits of the technique, he hadn't realized its side effects. His constant immersion in imagination had distorted a part of his personality. He had become formless, just like the martial technique he had learned. Yet, he retained the ability to think and make decisions.

He didn't know that martial techniques could have side effects. He had only aimed for the benefits, unaware of the potential drawbacks. Gradually, as he flew back and forth, he began to sense something was off.

'What am I doing? It feels odd to act this way. Perhaps studying that technique for months has made me a little stupid,' he thought.

Reflecting on it, this made sense, as he had been fantasizing about fights constantly. He saw himself as a fool, but he knew it was only temporary.

'I've really become stupid. Maybe it's also because I've secluded myself from socializing for so long.'

Finally, reaching his limit, Lucas stopped moving and built a platform in the sky. He sat on it in the lotus position and began meditating. This way, he could think more clearly and reflect on the changes in himself since he began cultivating the martial technique.

'I must unseal my other passives. I need to activate my Tranquil Mind ability as much as possible. As long as this martial technique is part of my foundation, I won't escape this stupidity,' he resolved.

Lucas began unsealing his core and noticed that his three energy pools were gradually becoming balanced. About 40% of his core now matched the strength of his dantian and third energy pool, indicating significant progress.

After a few hours of meditation, he completed the unsealing process and realized the true name of the origin martial technique he had practiced.

"It was called 'Formless Art,' but now that I think about it, it means everything in your mind will be formless, and only the skills you can perform will be a reflection of your imagination."

[A/N: Please forgive my errors.]

I came to realize that I was using the wrong term for the name of a building. Until now, I've been using 'pavilion' which is wrong! It was supposed to be a pagoda! Please forgive me! They were both different types of infrastructure. I will edit it! And if you can still read this, it means I haven't, so please understand it. I'm crying right now...

Also, I have another word. What happened to Felicity was necessary. Why did it happen? Because in the next few chapters, the real plot will start. The world wouldn't just revolve around Lucas, so it means that you will see a few perspectives of new characters. Also, Felicity is still part of the crucial characters so she'll have her own chapter!

So that was all. So 'Golden Pavilion' is now 'Golden Pagoda'.

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Chapter 38: Between Sects [1]

"Hmmm..." Lucas murmured, his mind swirling with thoughts after successfully unsealing parts of his core. It wasn't a bad outcome at all.

On a whim, he peered down, squinting to enhance his view. The landscape below expanded as he zoomed in. While nothing particularly captivating caught his eye, he couldn't shake off the curiosity about why people below were gazing up at him as if beckoning for his presence at eye level.

'What's their deal?' he pondered, furrowing his brow in contemplation.

As he observed them more closely, he realized they weren't hostile; instead, they seemed expectant, as if awaiting something significant.

'Are they waiting for me to descend?' he wondered aloud, intrigued by the notion.

This led him to reconsider his earlier thoughts about hiding his existence. With his newfound mask and formidable cultivation base, he felt confident that no one would question his power, allowing him to blend in as a regular resident of this realm.

If this were indeed the case, then he wouldn't face any threats in this world. However, despite his growing prowess, he recognized that using his core recklessly could still pose challenges.

Specifically, Lucas had a disdain for those who engaged in reckless experimentation, such as dark alchemists. He had no intention of becoming a subject for such experiments, understanding that there might be adversaries he couldn't easily defeat. Thus, exercising caution seemed like the wisest course of action.

Dark alchemy is essentially alchemy that goes beyond the taboo, such as playing with souls and mortal bodies.

"Really... I must have become an amazing person like in the past," he scoffed as he slowly descended.

The people below made space for him to descend, and when he finally reached the ground, they all kowtowed to him.

"We welcome Senior Expert!"

Lucas was initially flabbergasted by the sudden explosion of words. As he looked at them intently, he noticed they were all sweating as if they had exerted too much effort.

This made him wonder, what was their purpose?

"Were you waiting for me to descend?" he asked.

They all nodded but no one dared to speak, which irritated him.

"I personally ask you to talk. Why are you waiting for me?" he asked, and they all flinched.

'Seriously. Have I become that frightening, or was it because I was flying? Now that I think about it, I don't know how cultivators fly or how people perceive those who can. Or is there something connected to the altitude a cultivator can reach with flight?'

Their eyes turned to the person who appeared to be their representative. With his head still bowed, he slowly spoke.

"We truly welcome Senior Expert. The reason we are here waiting for you is that we seek your help." He gulped.

Lucas adopted a pondering look. He hoped to avoid meddling in matters concerning people, especially when faced with a group looking desperate in front of him. However, there were situations where his conscience weighed heavily on him, leaving him no choice but to offer his assistance. Although he wasn't self-centered, he typically avoided helping others in his previous world.

'But this isn't the world I lived in. I must say, I've blended with the norm.'

"What is it? What help are you seeking from me?"

All of them were visibly surprised when he responded positively.

"Thank you for your benevolence, Senior Expert!" the representative kowtowed once again.

Lucas's eyes twitched as he raised an eyebrow. The group's representative acted this way because cultivators of Lucas's level were deemed arrogant due to their powers.

Now that Lucas thought about it, he peeked into their cultivation bases, noting the hints of spiritual energy within their bodies.

'Hmm... Master and at least the peak of Warrior Spirit Realm? Why are these relatively strong people waiting...?'

"Can you cut to the chase? What's the help you need? I don't have much time."

'I have plenty, but it's too annoying to talk with these people.'

All of them showed significant hints of wrinkles in their appearance. As he thought about it, Lucas realized adults were the most difficult to deal with, as they were not simple-minded.

"Well, it's because we are being attacked by the Heavenly Demon Sect," the representative said.

'Attacked? They're shameless to ask for help from someone they don't even know. Well, desperate times call for desperate measures, I guess.'

"Heavenly Demon Sect? What kind of sect are they? Some kind of evil sect?" Lucas asked, giving the people hope.

"We don't know. They were an inactive sect in the past, but just a few days ago, they suddenly attacked us, claiming that we, the people of Flower Dark Sect, were planning to overwhelm them," the representative said, his tone slightly trembling.

"That's quite problematic. I don't know them, so can you elaborate on the meaning of their pretext? Was there any deeper significance?" Lucas asked.

Hesitantly, the representative answered Lucas's question. He was agitated about what he'd say next, but he intentionally coated his words, as if beating around the bush.

"There is no truth behind their assumptions! However, they claimed we had a cultivator with high spiritual energy among us. Because of this, they attacked us first to 'save' themselves."

Lucas sighed as he began to understand the representative's words. He also noticed the representative was intentionally dragging out and coating the information Lucas sought.

'It was because of me...? Pathetic. I am pathetic, and so are they, but perhaps...'

"Do you have any grudge with that sect that made them think that way?" Lucas asked, trying to piece together the information he currently had.

"Y-Yes..."

After hearing this, Lucas sighed and tapped the representative on the shoulder.

"Apologies..."

As he said this, the faces of the people before him became dispirited. The fire they had brought within their hearts instantly died. They had come with hope, kowtowing to him, but it seemed useless.

Lucas noticed they misunderstood him and snickered.

"I don't mean that I won't help you. I mean that I want to apologize that you suffer because of me. It was because they sensed me, right?"

The representative's eyes widened as Lucas pinpointed the truth behind his words. Realizing they might finally be saved, he kowtowed once again.

"Please forgive us for disturbing your rest. Please save us!"

"Please save us!" the people echoed.

'I guess some people dedicate themselves too much to one thing. Perhaps the same as me, and now I see the resemblance of my actions in the past. They are desperate to save their place.'

Lucas nodded and helped them stand up.

"I am also at fault. So this time, when I save your sect, settle the grudge with that sect so this won't happen again," Lucas said.

But he realized something was missing. He was looking for a certain powerful individual who should have been present if they were asking for his help.

"By the way, where's your Sect Master? I don't see any particularly strong cultivators who can manage a sect," Lucas muttered, and just like that, they all kowtowed again.

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Chapter 39: Between Sects [2]

"Uhm... You must see it for yourself, Senior Expert."

With these words, the representative led Lucas toward their sect's location. Unbeknownst to him, the platform he had created hovered above land governed by the Flower Dark Sect. Yet, the true essence of the sect lay hidden from plain sight.

As Lucas approached, he was struck by its breathtaking beauty. Majestic pagodas and intricately designed buildings adorned the landscape, seamlessly integrated into the base of a towering mountain. It was as if the mountain itself had been carved to cradle the sect within its embrace. Gazing upward, he marveled at a pagoda that seemed to pierce the sky, while behind him, more structures spread out in every direction, each one a testament to architectural mastery. This awe-inspiring sight was unlike anything

he had ever encountered in his world, where guilds were merely large, solitary buildings, lacking the grandeur and complexity of this remarkable sect.

The people looked at him with crystals in their eyes, shimmering with awe as he followed the group. 'Why are they looking at me like this? Could it be because of my dantian? Ah, that's why the Heavenly Demon Sect felt threatened. They must have sensed it.'

His dantian affected his aura, making it clear that it was the cause of the attention. He knew he had to find a way to seal the aura, not his dantian, to maintain control.

As the cultivators led him to the tallest part of the sect and the highest pavilion, Lucas quickly scanned his surroundings. His eyes glowed yellow, allowing him to see through the walls in a simplified manner. The figures he saw were distinct enough for him to distinguish them from one another.

When his gaze stopped at the topmost floor of the pavilion, he raised an eyebrow and glanced at the representative.

"Is your Sect Master ill? Why does his condition seem so unstable?"

The representative flinched at Lucas's question. He didn't bother to ask how Lucas knew but remained silent for a few moments before answering.

"The truth is, he's in critical condition. He has been repelling the Heavenly Demon Sect's relentless attacks since day one."

Hearing this, Lucas was speechless. Why would their sect master take such a massive gamble by putting their strongest defender on the front line? Although it wasn't his concern initially, reflecting on his own faults made him sigh.

'Was I meditating for days? Tranquil Mind speeds up my perception of time more than I realized... I thought it would take days to grasp the full effect of the ability.'

Realizing he had lost track of time and had been above for several days, Lucas acknowledged his role in the misunderstanding between the two sects. He felt obliged to resolve the issue.

As they reached the topmost floor, they stopped in front of a grandiose sliding door.

"Sect Master, Senior Expert is here to assist us and to meet you," the representative announced.

"Come in..." a voice inside the room responded, slightly tired and pained.

They entered, and Lucas immediately saw the sect master's condition, lying helpless on the bed. He approached slowly, a dispirited look on his face.

'What I truly hate is how my actions create a ripple effect.'

Though he didn't fully understand the grudge between the two sects, guilt haunted him. Despite his outward appearance of indifference, he couldn't ignore the impact on lives.

"Thank you for granting me this audience," Lucas said, bowing his head slightly.

Under the canopy of the bed, the sect master spoke with a chuckle. "Hohoho... The Senior Expert seems to be young. I feared I would have to converse with a geezer like myself."

Lucas observed the sect master, noting his venerable appearance. He had long grey hair and a beard, yet his body still retained a certain vigor and shape, belying his age.

"I am older than you. Show some respect," Lucas said sarcastically.

The sect master's eyes widened, and he clasped his fist in apology. "Please forgive me, Senior Expert. I acted unforgivably by assuming you were younger."

"Never mind. Stand up and state your name," Lucas demanded.

The sect master sighed and grumbled, attempting to move but failing each time. Seeing this, Lucas softened his approach. It wouldn't hurt to be a bit more familiar.

"Forget about it. What's your name?" Lucas asked, his tone gentler.

"I am Thomas Wang, Senior Expert."

"I am Lucas. Now, Thomas Wang, who put you in this condition?" Lucas was curious and perplexed. Thomas's cultivation base was at the peak of the General Spirit Realm, making him a formidable cultivator.

"Well, I fought the sect master of the Heavenly Demon Sect, who is at the first level of the King Spirit Realm," Thomas explained with a smile, as if forgetting his previous embarrassment.

"It's my fault for triggering this conflict between your sects. Can you tell me the whole story? If I'm satisfied with your reasoning, I might offer you a helpful gift," Lucas said.

"Really, Senior Lucas? You will?" Thomas asked, astonished.

Lucas merely nodded. Out of thin air, sparkling lights appeared below his knee level, and a chair materialized through his third energy, a magical process. Thomas could barely contain his surprise, internally screaming at the spectacle he had just witnessed.

'A true expert who can create objects out of nowhere! Even though flying at a high altitude was astonishing, it wasn't enough to surprise me! But this-!'

"So, when will you start?" Lucas prompted.

Thomas snapped back to reality and began recounting the story behind the grudge between the two sects.

One hundred years ago, the two sects had a friendly competition as they were among the most esteemed sects in the northern region. However, during a match, a tragedy occurred: one member from each sect died. This incident ignited the hatred between them.

The situation worsened because the one who died from the Heavenly Demon Sect was the sect master's child. This loss fueled his animosity towards the Flower Dark Sect. The Heavenly Demon Sect believed the death was no accident, suspecting it was a deliberate act to hinder their future generation.

Unable to accept the explanation, the Heavenly Demon Sect launched attacks against the Flower Dark Sect. The Flower Dark Sect's casualty wasn't as prominent, leading the Heavenly Demon Sect to think it was a calculated move.

After years of unresolved conflict, the Heavenly Demon Sect withdrew, managing their own land while preparing for a final showdown. Recently, they resumed attacks, claiming the Flower Dark Sect intended to annihilate them. Believing they would be attacked by the cultivator above, they aimed to take down the Flower Dark Sect's sect master first, content with an all-sides-defeat outcome.

"And that cultivator was me?" Lucas sighed after hearing the story.

As absurd as it seemed, Lucas understood the enduring bitterness of the Heavenly Demon Sect's sect master, who was still on edge after all these years.

'He was a doting father... Unlike me, who couldn't even be there for my own child...'

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"I'll attempt to speak with that sect, and if they decide to fight, I'll allow them to attack me without retaliation," Lucas said, his voice firm and resolute.

Thomas gasped, his eyes wide with alarm. "Why would you do that, Senior Lucas?" he asked, his voice tinged with worry. He tried to stand but was forced back to his bed by his frail body.

Lucas raised an eyebrow and looked at Thomas. "To be heard, one must show sincerity. And I am sincere. Besides, I understand why he acted the way he did. Tell me, is it true that you planned to kill his son?"

Thomas recoiled, his eyes wide. "No, we had no reason to do that. Killing his son wouldn't have benefited us. He was stronger in cultivation than I was. If it were true, it would have been suicide," Thomas explained, his voice laced with conviction.

Lucas nodded, his expression thoughtful. "I see. Well, I must be going now."

As he was about to leave the room, Lucas suddenly recalled something and returned to Thomas's side. He sighed, then raised a hand, conjuring a light above Thomas, which left him confused.

As Thomas watched his body glow, he couldn't fathom what he was feeling. His body felt light and refreshed, as if he had rested for days. The uncomfortable throbbing he had endured was gone, replaced by a sense of ease that allowed him to breathe freely.

'He's healing me?' Thomas thought in amazement.

After Lucas had finished healing him, Thomas quickly climbed out of bed and knelt before Lucas. "Thank you so much, Senior Lucas!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with gratitude. His heart was warm, and he didn't know how else to react. It felt like a new beginning.

Lucas simply nodded, a small smile on his lips. "If you're grateful, remember not to interfere with others' lives. You'll learn the importance of this as you grow older," Lucas said as he turned to leave the room.

He wasn't afraid of making enemies, but he was afraid of causing harm to innocent people. This was something he had learned from his experience as an immortal. In his first few years, he believed he could maintain close relationships with mortals but soon realized it was a mistake. He didn't want to repeat the same errors, so he preferred to let the flow of time dictate his relationships with others.

Lucas spoke these words of caution to Thomas, hoping to impart some wisdom as a leader. After all, the members of his sect were not his possessions, and he wanted to leave a lesson behind for them. Though uncertain if his words would achieve their

intended effect, he was content knowing he had offered something potentially useful to others.

The representative followed closely behind Lucas, making him slightly uneasy. He turned to the representative and asked, "What's your name?"

"Kin Yang, Senior Expert," came the reply.

Lucas returned to his thoughts, trying to predict what would happen if he entered the Heavenly Demon Sect. He knew nothing about their ways, so he couldn't make any assumptions about their behavior. All he had to go on was the general nature of cultivators.

Despite this uncertainty, he needed to carefully plan his move to avoid further misunderstandings between the sects.

"Where is the location of the Heavenly Demon Sect?" Lucas asked, his tone serious.

Kin hesitated for a moment before answering, "It's near the Great Cliff, in the eastern part of the northern region."

Lucas nodded, absorbing the information. He was already in the northern region, so visiting the Heavenly Demon Sect meant traveling eastward.

Despite aiming to ascend to the higher plane with the rest of the immortals, Lucas still had to think about his immediate future and plan accordingly. Before he could visit the Immortal Heaven, he needed to build up his strength—not just physically, but also in terms of knowledge and strategy. Arriving there as a novice who had just advanced through the realms of cultivation would put him in grave danger. To survive in Immortal Heaven, he needed to be at his absolute best.

With these thoughts in mind, Lucas decided that he needed to learn how to navigate the world as an immortal. The dangers of Immortal Heaven were not lost on him, but he was tired of living a repetitive life. Perhaps a change was exactly what he needed.

He took to the skies, flying straight toward the eastern part of the northern region. As he observed the cities below, he chose a place to land. Uncertain of the exact location of the Heavenly Demon Sect, he decided to ask for directions.

Lucas descended into a forest near the city to avoid drawing attention. He then ran swiftly towards the gate, a feat easily accomplished by cultivators.

"Five silvers," the guard demanded.

Lucas had prepared for the toll but didn't have any small change. He took out a gold coin.

"Excuse me, do you have change?" he asked politely, one hand resting behind his back.

The guard looked confused and shook his head. It was customary for travelers to bring the exact amount to expedite the transaction.

"I'm sorry, we don't. Could you please pay the exact toll?"

Lucas felt a wave of frustration but maintained his composure. He had no choice but to hand the guard the gold coin.

"Here you go. I hope you can take silvers from your pocket to pay my toll. You can keep the gold," Lucas said with a respectful smile.

"Really? Thank you very much, Senior!" the guard exclaimed gratefully.

Although Lucas appeared younger, he brushed it off with a chuckle and moved on. Unbeknownst to him, his actions had drawn unwanted attention, despite it being common for the wealthy to act generously.

Behind him, a carriage observed the scene. The young man inside watched Lucas with a stern expression, almost disgusted by the display.

The young man loathed those who acted pious but were not. His disdain for Lucas grew, and he ordered his men to follow him.

When Lucas arrived in the city, he immediately began asking people on the street for information. After a few hours, he had gathered enough to continue his journey.

Though the information he received was vague, Lucas wasn't discouraged. "I didn't think there would be so many places around the Great Cliff. I thought the sect was the only one nearby," he thought to himself.

Lucas then went in search of an inn to stay for the night. He felt he could afford a break from cultivation and a good night's sleep, as it had been several days since he last had a chance to rest.

Lucas strode into the inn and approached the counter. He reached into his pocket, where he kept a handful of gold coins, and placed one on the counter.

"Keep the change," he said, a hint of uncertainty in his voice. "Ah, wait, can you at least give me some change? I don't think I can continue giving gold coins away."

The innkeeper gave Lucas a reassuring smile. "No need to worry, sir. I can certainly give you some silver coins for your change if that would make you feel more comfortable."

Lucas breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes, that would be much appreciated. I think it would be easier for me to use silver coins at some of the shops around town."

The innkeeper nodded and counted out a handful of silver coins, which he handed to Lucas. "Here you are, sir. And thank you for your generous payment."

Lucas took the silver coins and thanked the innkeeper before making his way to his room for the night.

However, little did he know that the young man who had been keeping an eye on him was observing his every move. The man watched as Lucas changed his mind and asked for his change back, and a scowl crossed his face.

"I knew it. Acting kind, huh? Make sure to kill him secretly, right now," he whispered to himself, his fists clenched in anger.