

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

## **Chapter 7 - Cultivation Technique [2]**

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"I'll buy this," Lucas said confidently, surprising the servant. She was momentarily taken aback, but kept her thoughts to herself, not daring to express them to someone of his status.

Lucas returned to the counter, book in hand, and the cashier's surprise matched the servant's. He couldn't understand why someone like Lucas, who had everything, would choose a seemingly bland technique.

The cashier put on a smile and said, "That will be 50 gold coins, Young Master."

Before Lucas could reach for his money, Oliver interjected. "Allow the shop to offer this to you." He looked at the book, dumbfounded. "Are you sure you want this, Young Master? It's not a popular choice these days. Who recommended it to you?"

The servant hesitantly raised her hand when Oliver's irritated gaze landed on her.

"It was me, Boss," she said meekly.

Lucas stepped in before Oliver could scold her. "Don't mind it, Oliver. I knew the value of this technique and that's why I chose it. Don't scold her for that." He spoke with authority.

Oliver was momentarily speechless before putting on a sweet smile. "Of course, Young Master. I was just worried that my servants weren't doing a good job. Please forgive me if I've upset you."

Lucas simply shrugged. "Whatever. I'll take it. Here are the 50 gold coins."

But before Lucas could hand over the money, Oliver interjected again. "Please, Young Master, it's on the house. There's no need to pay for it."

Lucas raised an eyebrow, pondering why Oliver was so eager to please him. He understood that people would naturally fawn over those in power, but he couldn't understand why they would do it when he wasn't being unreasonable. He simply sighed and nodded. "Okay, I won't be humble. Thank you for this."

"You're welcome, young master," Oliver replied.

Lucas then asked, "By the way, where can I buy clothes?"

Lucas was uncomfortable in his clothes. They stood out too much, making people stare at him wherever he went.

"There's a tailor shop just around the corner," said Oliver. "They sell beautiful garments. I think you'd love it."

"Thanks, but I'm on a tight budget," replied Lucas with a sigh. "I just need some average clothes."

Oliver thought for a moment. "There's a plain clothing shop to the west of here, near the slums."

"That'll do," said Lucas, nodding. "I'll be on my way. If there's anything I can help with in the future, let me know."

As Lucas left the building, making his way to the west of town. The shop personnel let out a collective sigh of relief.

"Who would have thought we'd meet an expert like that?" said one of them. "He was different from the usual arrogant types we deal with."

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Lucas quickly made his way to the shop, his presence drawing curious glances from onlookers. Despite their reactions, he didn't let it bother him and walked straight into the store.

To the average person, the shop was unremarkable. But for those with wealth, it was seen as shoddy.

The shopkeeper, who was stationed behind the counter, trembled in nervousness as Lucas approached. She was agitated not only because of his appearance as a wealthy man but also because of his aura as a fashion designer.

Despite her uncertainty about his identity, she mustered up the courage to greet him.

"W-Welcome to our humble shop," she stammered.

Lucas merely nodded, then held out five gold coins. "What do you think this money could buy?"

Misunderstanding Lucas's intent, the shopkeeper trembled in fear, thinking he was going to lowball her for her goods.

But Lucas quickly clarified, "Don't worry, I'm not here to haggle. I'm just not sure if this will be enough to purchase enough clothing."

The shopkeeper's eyes widened in surprise, and she took a closer look at Lucas. Despite his regal appearance, he seemed to be unfamiliar with the value of the currency.

She smiled, then replied, "You can buy ten robes at the most. As 50 silvers are equivalent to average clothing, you can buy ten at once."

Hearing this, Lucas decided to go along with her suggestion.

The shopkeeper quickly retrieved the robes and presented them to Lucas.

"Do you have a changing room?" Lucas asked. "I'd like to change into these right away."

The shopkeeper nodded, pointing to a room, and breathed a sigh of relief as Lucas disappeared into the dressing room. Moments later, he emerged wearing plain grey robes, which fit snugly on his slim frame.

Sighing at the reminder of his past self, Lucas thanked the shopkeeper and asked another question, "Is there a safe place for a rogue cultivator to practice?"

Despite her awe at how Lucas had transformed the simple robes into something regal, the shopkeeper remained composed and answered his question.

"There's a cultivator stop near the gate, sir. Perhaps you'll like it there."

Lucas nodded and left the shop, making a beeline for the building the shopkeeper had mentioned.

Now that he was dressed differently, Lucas was still puzzled as to why people were giving him extra attention on the street, especially women. He rubbed the back of his neck, unsure of the cause, before finally reaching a building that advertised itself as a "Cultivators' Haven Stop."

The sign on the five-story building didn't bother him, and he walked in. A staff member greeted him immediately, but their expression changed to annoyance when they saw that Lucas was dressed in average clothing.

"Welcome." The staff member said with a hint of annoyance in their voice.

Lucas was aware of their reaction, but he chose not to argue with the thick-headed employee.

"How much for a day?" he asked.

"We sell our services by the hour. It would cost 24 gold coins for a day," the staff member replied, their tone dripping with sarcasm.

Lucas simply shook his head internally and pulled out 30 gold coins.

"30 hours," he said with a smirk, showing off his wealth.

The staff member was taken aback. They hadn't expected Lucas to be able to afford 30 hours of service.

Feeling defeated, the staff member handed Lucas a key. "Please take room 9. It's located in the east corner of the building," they said, pointing in the direction of the room.

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Lucas nodded, a small smirk on his face as he walked to his room, feeling satisfied with the outcome.

When he entered the room, he noticed symbols on the floor and walls. Realizing that they were useful to him, he deduced the purpose of the symbols.

"So, this must be the formation they were talking about. It seems to gather spiritual energy, and I can feel the energy is denser here, along with the soundproof mechanism," he mumbled to himself.

Lucas took out the technique and studied it for a minute. After gaining a good understanding of it, he muttered the words that he needed to remember for cultivation. A few seconds later, when he had memorized the words, he began to chant them in his mind as he meditated in a lotus position.

"This is similar to amplification. Back in my world, mages would use monster cores and other resources to increase their mana pool. They would activate spells using the monster cores, converting them into mana and unconsciously absorbing it into their core."

Lucas thought that cultivation was just an advanced version of this method.

"I should seal my core if I want to take cultivation seriously. It's also safer to seal some of it to prevent energy collision. That's just my theory, and I don't want to risk dying. Not now, I don't have any intention of dying," he mumbled as he absorbed Qi from his surroundings.

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