

# Sage's Cultivation: Mage in Cultivation World

## Chapter 9 - Ball of Light

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"I need to clean up first," Lucas thought as he realized that he couldn't enter the city with his body covered in blood. He made his way to a nearby river, using the stream to wash away the blood. He didn't pay much attention to the blood tainting the water, knowing it would eventually dissolve into the river. After bathing, he changed into clean clothes from his magic storage.

As he continued on his journey, Lucas stumbled upon a road where he heard laughter and noise coming from a distance. Curious, he approached the source, only to find a crime in progress. A luxurious carriage was being surrounded by a group of bandits.

"Bandits, I suppose," Lucas muttered, shaking his head. "I must have been living for too long."

At the crime scene, three guards were protecting the young lady inside the carriage. The bandits far outnumbered the guards, and the situation was dire. The guards offered the young lady a life-saving talisman to teleport her away, but she refused.

"You pathetic creatures," the young lady sneered, her voice ringing with disdain. "Can't even protect me without relying on treasures? These are just bandits. Why do they pose a threat to you?"

The guards pleaded with her, explaining that they couldn't guarantee her safety, but she was not swayed.

"Don't act like cowards," she scolded them. "Go kill the bandits before I kill you."

Her words were enough to deflate the guards, who faced the bandits with a defeated expression. The bandits, sensing their fear, taunted and laughed at them.

Throughout the scene, the young lady's body language conveyed her disgust and disdain for her servants' cowardice, while the guards' posture showed their desperation and defeat.

"I can't believe the guards of the Su family are so cowardly," one of the bandits sneered. "Look at your young lady, she's practically begging to be captured by us."

"Ha! Don't even bother trying to claim that prize," another bandit added. "We'll sell her and use the money for our own benefit."

"Come here, miss," a third bandit leered. "Let me have my way with you before we sell you as a slave."

Lucas stood quietly a hundred meters away, observing the scene. He was torn between wanting to help these people and not wanting to get involved in something that wasn't his problem. In his previous world, he was passive and didn't like to rock the boat. But that was no longer the case.

He couldn't resist the opportunity to use his magic for a little bit of personal amusement. He quickly scanned the bandits' cultivation levels and was pleasantly surprised to find that they were only at the second or third stage of the Spirit Realm. He smirked, knowing that he could easily defeat them with a small amount of his mana.

Without further ado, Lucas strode confidently into the scene.

"Hey there, bandits!" he called out jokingly. "Are you all here to rob and pillage?" He lifted his index finger and activated a spell, creating a ball of light that was small but powerful enough to melt or wound skin with a touch.

The bandits were caught off guard by Lucas' sudden appearance and were even more shocked when they saw that he was standing behind them. They hadn't even sensed his presence! When they turned to look at him, they sneered and laughed, thinking he was a newcomer to their group.

"What could a weakling like you possibly do against us?" one of the bandits taunted. "Or are you trying to claim a share of our loot?"

"Get lost!" another bandit snarled. "We won't give you any of our take. You're not one of us, are you?"

Lucas chuckled and shook his head, suppressing his laughter. The bandits thought he was just like them because he was dressed in average clothing. He lifted his other hand and pointed to the guards. "I'm with them, dummy," he replied with a smirk.

The guards behind were taken aback, but their surprise was short-lived as they realized that an Apprentice-level cultivator like Lucas wouldn't be able to defeat nine bandits.

The bandits laughed mockingly at Lucas, amused by both his demeanor and his words.

"What? You think you're some kind of hero? Beat it, kid, before we take you as our prize," one of them sneered.

"Wait, he's got a pretty face. We could sell him to some rich, ugly women. They'd pay a fortune for this handsome little trinket," another added.

"You're right! Hey, kid, don't move. We'll be back for you. The carriage is more important right now," a third bandit chimed in.

The bandits were about to turn their backs on Lucas and go back to the carriage when he shook his head and released a ball of light, which struck one of the bandits in the head. The man died instantly, blood spurting from the wound.

The other bandits were shocked, unable to believe that Lucas had just killed one of their own.

"You dare!" one of them growled, lunging at Lucas. But before he could reach him, he too was dead.

The scene was unfolding so quickly that the others could only stare in disbelief, almost in tears.

"Where's that light coming from?! I can't keep up -!" one of the bandits yelled, just before he too was killed.

Before either of them could speak, Lucas swiftly swung his arm and dealt a brutal blow to the head of one of the bandits. The guards who were observing the situation were stunned. They had feared the bandits for their cultivation abilities, but now a young man had taken them all out in mere moments.

Lucas appeared to be enjoying himself, wiping out the nine bandits with ease. The guards could only hope that their young lady had a life-saving treasure at hand if this man turned out to be an enemy.

As the dust settled, Lucas kicked the lifeless body with a dismissive grunt. "If I ever encounter someone I can't handle through cultivation," he muttered, "I'll just use magic."

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At the same time, Lucas was busy on the other side of his mind, getting used to the feeling of spiritual energy and mana flowing through him. When he cast a spell, he used the breathing techniques from his cultivation training, hoping to become more familiar with both sensations and eventually merge them.

However, despite his efforts, he still had to conserve his mana. He didn't need to use a powerful spell to defeat these bandits. By combining his cultivation skills with his magic, he was able to defeat them effortlessly.

Lucas dreamed of mastering both cultivation and magic, and one day, perhaps, he could be the first cultivator to use spells as weapons instead of relying on physical weapons.

From a distance, Lucas looked at the wary guards and offered a friendly smile, bowing slightly as he introduced himself. "Hello, seniors," he said in a low but confident voice, "I hope you don't mind the outcome. I'm just a passing rogue cultivator, so please don't be wary of me."