



115 Seeking for an Enlightenment

Weeks had passed as if a river stream had just rapidly flowed. At Wilford's personal field, Lucas was sitting in a meditative pose as he laid a portable array on his seat. **1**

A portable array is some kind of combination of magic and array, but the main concept here was magic, as there were plenty of ways to bring portable spells which Lucas improvised.

A portable paper is a type of paper created by magic that has a unique complex of properties that allow it to hold spells and magical runes without harming its use. Of course, anyone could just create another spell, but the purpose of this portable paper was to put a one-time-use spell on the paper. In this world, it is the equivalent of a talisman.

Thus, after some improvisation, Lucas put an array instead of a spell to make use of it even in different places.

Lucas has already finished his research. He already had the Qi gathering array formation of Magique Qi in his brain; it was enough for him; he didn't need to note it down.

As a result, after completing the array formation,



he wasted no time cultivating in order to eventually achieve enlightenment.

Since one array master could have a chance to achieve enlightenment in their studies if they used their own formation to cultivate, Lucas wanted to achieve a higher phase of arraying.

Not that he was confident that he was already a master equal to Wilford; he only wanted to learn more about the unique path he wanted to use. It was the magic rune and array formations.

Array formations use either Magique Qi or normal Qi. However, Lucas wanted to make one that could just use normal Qi since he had a lot of it spare. And since magic runes don't work on normal spiritual energy if used in spells, he wanted to put them in an array.

So, in this way of reaching enlightenment, dispiration is a must. And Lucas is always desperate when it comes to knowledge. And so, why can't he still reach enlightenment? 1

Even with great concentration, a small portion of Lucas's consciousness was irritated by the result he got in an hour. He was still not enlightened. But it's just because Lucas doesn't know the real essence of enlightenment, he still doesn't need it.

And just like that, Lucas decided to surrender. It



was futile; he could use this time to cultivate his spiritual energy first. Since he had to research magic runes and array formation in the future, he could just focus on raising his spiritual energy first.

Lucas had already decided to create a sect first before continuing this research, but of course, he had little time, so why would he waste it?

For Lucas, cultivating for a few hours became days and months. His dantian then experienced a breakthrough after finally feeling a click. Lucas raised his cultivation to a higher level.

"I am now at the 4th level of the King Spirit Realm, but I think, with the most possible, it is still not enough." Then he let out a sigh at how he was desperate for it yet no wanted result was occurring.

Lucas just disregarded it first, since now that he had raised his cultivation, he should at least check his core if he had a chance to unseal some of it.

As Lucas visited his core in his deepest consciousness, and just as he was before it, his body floating like an entity in the cosmos, he realized something.

"What could happen if I had the chance to merge all of this? I could be the most powerful



immortal in the Upper Heavens, right? But I don't disregard some of the common knowledge that has been passed through generations."

Lucas had already read some manuscripts about some immortals descending from the Upper Heaven while keeping their cultivation intact. It was from a previous time thousands of years ago, and even though it seems to be a fraud, there is some part of Lucas that believes it.

Even still, that kind of knowledge, even exaggerated, has a truth behind it. And knowing that descending with cultivation intact might be possible, Lucas can't wait to venture into the four heavens.

But excitement could cut off the success rate. He must contain this excitement and focus on what is in front of him. And so, after visiting his core, he returned to his real consciousness and opened his eyes from concentration.

His body became more light. And knowing the effects of breakthrough was this delightful, Lucas stood up and celebrated inwardly.

Lucas's consciousness was halved for a moment. That is why he couldn't truly celebrate in his concentration, but now that he was already back in the real world, he could just be happy.

"At least I don't feel bored. Should I visit the



land? Even though I still have plenty of arrays to learn as a preparation for the InterSect Competition, I have already cultivated my mind."

Cultivating the body, mind, and soul are both different things. But they are only one: as you cultivate, your soul improves first, then your mind, and finally your body.

But of course, Lucas doesn't mean that he cultivated his mind thoroughly; he means the cultivation technique he made. It brought a soothing sensation to his mind, as he had accompanied it with his Tranquil Mind. After the Formless Art became part of his foundation and was unsealed by the Tranquil Mind, he didn't feel calmer this time.

"Boredom hits differently and feels differently for cultivators. I wanted to cultivate more, but half of me wanted to go to the land but wanted to search instead of socialize. Agh! So confusing as my desires surface like crazy."

Even with how calm his mind was, desires weren't part of it, as he didn't have one desire. He had plenty since some of his Mind Abilities were still sealed. In his previous world, Lucas had plenty of personalities and faced different phases throughout the thousands of years of living.

With the length of life in observing the flow of



time, it is impossible to only have one personality since he could reach a state where his sanity is questioned.

Some of his Mind Abilities were needed to establish his personality in a more general sense from the rest of it since every desire he has is equivalent to a personality.

"Crazy. I will just continue to cultivate, but I need to have plenty of cultivation techniques in my hands. I want to create a more effective cultivation technique that will help my mind. I don't want to be aimless anymore."

Lucas stood up again and straightened his back. He marched his legs out of Wilford's personal field and then went straight to the Mission Hall.

"Hello, Sir." But of course, Lucas didn't escape the eyes of the people. They were watching him from a distance with admiration that he just disregarded since everyone has their own personal time.

"Look at that handsome young man. From which family do you think he came? He might be talented for him to become well-privileged because he is a direct disciple of the sect master, which is equivalent to being a true disciple." One said, with pure admiration.

"Heh... He was just lucky in this life, and maybe



his talent was just from his family. I know I came from a prestigious family as well, but I don't care about any of it as my family isn't that great at Qi circulation, yet I am here because of pure talent." Another one retorted, but with some sort of jealousy.

One core disciple cut into the conversation with a disdainful gaze, "You dare to show your jealousy while you are already 50 years old? How pretentious of you to call it a pure talent when your family is only a merchant family."

Lucas could only shake his head and unintentionally listen to the mosquito-like whispering of other disciples. He is now in the Mission Hall of the innermost court where the core disciples commonly were.

"I want to put a leave notice. I will be gone for a week at a minimum." The attendant, who was a sect elder, looked at Lucas with the most attentive eyes and browsed through the records.

"Uhm... I got it, sir. Please inject your signature here." The attendant said and presented a tablet to Lucas. Lucas just put in his identification card and injected his spiritual energy through it.

"Thank you for the notice, sir."

Then, after that, Lucas left Mission Hall.

Lucas doesn't need to do it either. As a direct



disciple of the sect master, he had a privilege equal to that of senior sect elders that were accompanied by the benefit of leaving the sect without prior notice.

But of course, Lucas doesn't want to bother Wilford again; he wants to at least follow the process, which is more in line with his current desire.

Lucas also noticed that the more he thought about his future, the more he became aimless and the more unstable he became. He doesn't want it, and even if it is not dangerous, he at least wants to act normally with vigilance.

And so, after the business in the Mission Hall, Lucas finally left the sect, but from a distance, someone was eyeing him. It was still the Wei disciple of the sect who was the most curious about Lucas's real identity.

But even if he was curious about him, he didn't have any means to continue it further since he didn't have any means to contact his family. He is still an inner court disciple and he has to focus on learning arrays before it. That would definitely disappoint his family.

"He's gone... Where is he going again?" The young man decided to leave his position, but when he turned his back, he flinched and moved backward as a familiar voice loomed from



behind him.

"Who is gone? And why are you looking at him."

"Huh? Wait! How did you appear there?!"

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