

R Cultivator 131

Chapter 131: Title at the End

When Tyler stole the weapon, Young Master Zhou's eyes filled with greed. Not only the weapon he also has an eye on that flying creature. Even with his knowledge he never saw a cat with wings that had too much power.

'Must be Exotic Creature. After returning to the sect I must snatch those things from him.' Zhou Qingchen thought. But first he decided to get the weapon.

"Kill him White. Our sect will protect you." Young Master Zhou walked behind Tyler and said.

"Nah... If you want, you can kill him." Tyler shook his head.

"Give me the Trident, I will kill him." Young Master Zhou said.

But Tyler was playing with his pet without handing over the Trident. Zhou Qingchen got irritated and walked towards him to snatch the Trident.

Tyler lost balance and the Trident pierced Zhou's chest. Every protective charms in his body are already removed by these bandits. So the Trident pierced his chest like a smooth butter.

Tyler watched in disbelief as Young Master Zhou staggered back, the trident embedded deep in his chest. The scene had unfolded in an instant, faster than Tyler could have anticipated. He hadn't intended for this to happen, and now, Zhou Qingchen's life was slipping away right before his eyes.

"YOU!" Zhou gasped, his voice filled with a mixture of rage and disbelief. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth as he struggled to stay on his feet.

"Uhh... Well, would you believe me if I said that was a total accident?" Tyler said, scratching his head awkwardly. Zuzia, perched on his shoulder, mewed softly, as if agreeing with Tyler's assessment.

"Accident, my arse," Zhou Qingchen spat, his face contorted in pain.

"Don't just stand there. Help me." Zhou said.

"Oh yeah, right." Tyler pulled the Trident back.

"Ahhh...." Zhou Qingchen yelled in pain, "How dare you do this to me?"

"S-sorry." Tyler pushed it back.

"Mothafu-" Zhou Qingchen vomited blood.

"Come on... Be clear, Young Master. Should I pull it or push it." Tyler said.

"Just stay away from it." Zhou Qingchen begged.

"Alright. Alright." Tyler backed off. The disciples and the elders rushed towards to help their Young Master.

"Never leave yourself wide open in the battlefield." Tyler mumbled.

Mash casted a spell on them; they were easily attacked by exploding water bubbles. Everyone got severely injured, few even died.

Young Master Zhou looked at Tyler in surprise. Because he clearly saw Tyler deactivating the Defence Charms on them.

"Yeah... I Already stabbed you more than once. I will definitely suffer later if you make it alive." Tyler said.

Tyler has a habit of reading books. In these types of stories, the protagonist sometimes shows mercy to bad guys. And in the later part of the story those guys will come back for revenge and even kill the protagonist's loved ones.

His logic is simple. Its young master dies now, nobody will know.

"Well, about that. His grandfather might have left a soul imprint on him," Lily Gomes said.

"What does that mean? Does it mean he already sensed that he is in danger?" Tyler asked.

"Huh... No. This soul imprint will show the last few seconds of what he saw in his life," Lily explained.

"As expected from an unorthodox sect, ruthless to your own young master," Mash said, breathing heavily. He had already used most of his powers and was glad that Young Master Zhou Qingchen was dying.

He recalled his childhood maid, who had always stood up for him when others bullied him for looking like a girl. She had gone overseas with her father, and he had tried to find her for years, but their awaited reunion happened only at her grave. Mash only wanted one thing: for the sect master of the Crimson Blood Sect to suffer the pain of losing a loved one, just as he had.

"Lily, kill everyone." Tyler said.

Lily understood why. She also doesn't want them to leak whatever happened here.

"You want to kill me? But My grandfather will never let you go. Come, kill me. " Young Master Zhou said.

"The one who killed me is White. The one who killed me is White." He repeated himself so that his grandfather would see this. Tyler pulled the Trident back.

A mask appeared on Tyler's face.

Zhou Qingchen suddenly sensed an eerie atmosphere. He looked up

"The one who killed me is Phantom Blackwood?"

Slash

Zhou Qingchen's neck got sliced.

"WHO KILLED MY GRANDSON?" The Sect Master who was meditating in the sect suddenly opened his eyes. His terrifying pressure enveloped all the Seventeen Islands. The whole sect shook due to his Aura. The elders and others heard the Sect Master voice, they were in disbelief. Who in the Southern Ocean dares to touch the Young Master.

Suddenly a scene played in Sect Master's mind, A man with a Red and white mask holding a Trident is standing before his grandson. The sect master can only see from his grandson's point of view.

"The one who killed me is Phantom Blackwood?" He heard his grandson's voice. Then the masked man slashed his Trident.

"I will find you and tear you to pieces, PHANTOM BLACKWOOD!" the Sect Master roared in fury, his voice echoing across the Islands. His eyes burned with rage as he leaped onto his flying sword, determined to track down the culprits using the soul imprint left by his grandson.

But in his blind rage, he missed the subtle detail-the hint of doubt in his grandson's tone during his final moments. His overwhelming anger clouded his judgement, preventing him from noticing the crucial clue that might have led him to question the circumstances of Zhou Qingchen's death. All that mattered now was revenge, and he would stop at nothing to exact it.

Meanwhile Lily knocked everyone down. Tyler then stabbed everyone to death whether they are elders, disciples or the enemies.

Now, there were only three people left on the island.

"Since you already killed him, can you let me go?" Mash asked. His flushed face and white skin with a red tint would have been extremely tempting if only he were a girl.

"You already know the answer," Tyler shook his head. Just to be safe, Lily also activated her phantom mask. They didn't know if Mash also had a soul imprint on him.

Somewhere in the Northern Oceans, in a vast forest on a small mountain, a woman who looked like a mature version of Mash was battling a massive, elephant-like monster. Her ripped arms, eight-pack abs, muscular thighs, and short blonde hair gave her an aura of both handsomeness and raw, intimidating beauty. Whether they were boys or girls, anyone who laid eyes on her had only one urge: to call her "Mommy."

She suddenly stopped in the middle of the battle. The elephant-like creature took advantage of her distraction and charged, sending her flying with a powerful blow. The woman, unfazed, stood up and dusted herself off, her expression unreadable.

"So, my useless brother died, huh?" she muttered, more to herself than to anyone else.

With a sudden burst of fury, she clenched her fist and slammed it into the ground. The entire mountain cracked and split apart beneath her, the earth trembling from the sheer force of her punch. The massive creature she had been fighting was knocked off its feet by the impact, now too terrified to even consider continuing the battle.

A scene flashed through her mind: a masked man standing beside a masked woman, their voices echoing in her memory.

"You already know the answer," the man had said.

The woman scoffed, her eyes narrowing. "Useless as always. Didn't even say their names while dying." She sighed, shaking her head. "Anyways, I will still find them and avenge you, my dear brother."

Despite her words, there was no trace of sadness in her voice, only a cold resolve.

"Fly faster," Tyler urged, his voice tense. He was being carried by Lily, who was pushing her speed to the limit. After Mash's death, the formation that had trapped them vanished, freeing them from the island. Without wasting a moment, Lily had grabbed Tyler, and they were now escaping the rocky island at full speed. The urgency was palpable—Lily was certain the Sect Master was on his way, and they needed to reach their ship before he arrived. They had to act as if nothing had happened.

As they flew, Lily took careful measures to erase any traces of their aura from the island, ensuring they left no evidence behind. Just minutes after they departed, the Sect Master of the Crimson Blood Sect arrived. His eyes fell on his grandson's lifeless body, and tears welled up, his grief palpable. He looked up at the floating island above, his face hardening with resolve.

Meanwhile, Tyler and Lily had already reached their ship, their hearts pounding. Suddenly, they felt a powerful shockwave ripple through the air, followed by a deafening explosion. The sound was so immense that it made the ship tremble beneath their feet.

Later, they would hear the news—The entire Fishmen Floating Island had been obliterated, reduced to rubble by the wrath of the Crimson Blood Sect's Sect Master.

Title: Death of Young Master Zhou

Chapter 132: Journey to the North

"Everyone in the Crimson Blood Sect, hear me!" The sect master roared, his voice trembling with fury. "Whoever finds Phantom Blackwood will become my personal disciple. You won't need to worry about resources until you reach the Grandmaster Warrior level!"

The thousands of disciples and hundreds of elders of the Crimson Blood Sect echoed his anger, their faces twisted with the same wrath.

Tyler stood among the disciples, sighing inwardly. He had been summoned by the sect master for interrogation, and the tension weighed heavily on him.

The sect master's study room was a chamber of ominous grandeur. The walls were adorned with ancient skulls, their hollow eyes emanating a faint crimson glow. Blood energy swirled in the air like a living mist, converging around a levitating blood pool that pulsed ominously above the chamber.

The sect master, draped in dark robes, sat upon a throne of black stone, his fingers resting on the table before him. His gaze, cold and penetrating, fixed on Tyler, who stood before him.

With a calm yet authoritative voice, the sect master commanded, "Explain everything that happened."

"I encountered the young master on that floating island. We heard rumours about an elf on a certain rocky island near the Level 1 Fishery. The young master didn't wait for us and left in a hurry. Now that I think about it, the one who spread the rumours was likely Mash," Tyler said, deliberately omitting that he accompanied the young master and the disciples.

The sect master released a terrifying pressure, making Tyler feel suffocated. But the sect master quickly withdrew it.

"Alright," the sect master nodded, waving his hand. Lily was pulled in from outside and fell to the floor.

"It seems you truly care about your subordinate, considering how anxiously you were waiting outside," the sect master remarked.

Lily laughed awkwardly, not daring to let loose her tongue. Before coming here, Lily had warned Tyler not to reveal anything about him being Phantom Blackwood.

"I have a mission for both of you," the sect master declared, not waiting for a reply. "Go to the sea. Hunt Phantom Blackwood. Wipe out the entire Phantom Pirates. I want every one of their skulls planted on my grandson's grave."

"Don't worry, sect master," Lily declared, patting her chest. "You saw us, right? It means you've already seen the Phantom Pirates."

Tyler was dumbfounded and gave Lily a side-eye. He realized her wordplay was a hilarious twist, as she wasn't bragging but stating the absolute truth.

Tyler and Lily walked out of the chamber.

"That's it? That was all?" Tyler asked, a bit incredulous.

"Isn't it great? Even the sect is sponsoring our journey to the North," Lily replied with a smile.

"Come on, let's go," she added mischievously, pulling his hand and tucking it under her arm as she playfully dragged him along.

A week later, the commotion surrounding Young Master Zhou's death still hadn't settled. Rumors swirled that his illegitimate son was poised to take the Young Master's throne. Tyler, however, was indifferent to the power struggles. His focus was on preparing for the journey to the North.

He headed to the Medicine Hall to meet Mathilda.

"Are you sure you don't want to come with me?" Mathilda asked, tears brimming in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mathilda," the maid replied, her voice trembling. "I'm not strong enough to survive the North. I need to take care of my little brothers." She began to cry, and they embraced. Mathilda's hands, however, wandered inappropriately, causing the maid to weaken under her touch.

"Alright, let's have one last party tonight," Mathilda whispered into the maid's ear. The maid blushed, nodded in agreement, and hurriedly left the room.

Just then, Mathilda's junior sister ran in, her face flushed.

"Are you sure you don't want to come with me?" Mathilda asked, her eyes again filling with tears. The cycle continued.

As Tyler entered the hall, he saw Mathilda's junior sister blushing and muttering something about a "party tonight" as she hurried out of the room.

"Are you sure you don't want to co— Oh, it's you," Mathilda stopped mid-sentence, quickly wiping her tears.

"Did I arrive at a bad time?" Tyler asked.

"No, no, no... Just don't look for me tonight. If you're here to confirm the journey, I'm in. Now go, go, go... I have to Orge... organize... I mean, I have girls' night with my maids and junior sisters," Mathilda stammered, shooing him away.

As Tyler left, he saw a maid entering Mathilda's room.

"Are you sure you don't want to come with me?" was the last thing he heard before the door shut behind him.

"Are you sure you don't want to come with me?"

'Why do I feel a little creepy when I say that?' Tyler thought, before asking more directly, "So, are you joining or not?"

Yi Han's reply surprised him. "Remember Kimmy, your chef from that branch? We somehow got together, and now she's my girlfriend."

Tyler, taken aback, later secretly drafted an agreement and submitted it to the sect. If Kimmy and Yi Han got married, they would receive ownership of one of his restaurants. It was Tyler's way of preparing a gift for their future wedding, if it ever happened.

Tyler then visited all his other restaurants, as well as the White Auction Hall. He sold most of his shares in the restaurant business to some sect elders and Sebina. Sebina, a gang leader Tyler had once subdued, bought many shares in the White Auction Hall. She was the reason the hall now displayed numerous items from overseas.

Tyler was heading north, perhaps never to return. So, he made his rounds, saying goodbye to all his acquaintances and inviting them to a small farewell party.

They drank, reminisced about the past, and the day ended quietly.

Mathilda was the only one missing, seemingly enjoying her girls' night instead.

"Boss Lily, I've always wanted to tell you that I love you. I'm ready to join you on this journey to the end of the world," Omar repeated to himself. Today, he was determined to confess his love and announce his wish to travel north.

"Whoever moves first is gay," drunken Tyler suddenly blurted out.

The room fell silent as everyone froze. Omar, too focused on his mission, didn't hear Tyler and continued walking outside to meet Lily Gomes.

"Hahaha... Omar's gay!" Yi-Han laughed loudly, leaning on Kimmy.

"I love you, Lily. I love you," Omar whispered to himself as he approached, but Yi-Han's comment finally registered. "Shut up, I'm not gay!" he retorted.

Outside, he found Lily Gomes, sipping wine and gazing at the moons. She looked absolutely stunning.

"Okay, Omar, you can do this. Just say, 'Boss Lily, I love you,'" he encouraged himself.

Taking a deep breath, Omar finally spoke, "Boss Lily, I am gay."

"..."

And that's how Omar didn't join the journey to the North.

The day of departure arrived.

Everyone was ready to board the ship, except for one person- Mathilda. Concerned, Tyler decided to personally go and fetch her. He wasn't sure if she was still caught up in the aftermath of her... organised girls' night. On the way, Tyler noticed Bounty Poster of Phantom Blackwood everywhere.

It didn't take long for Tyler to discover the problem. Yan Xi was blocking her path.

"You bitch! You eloped with that guy even though you're my fiancée. And now you're going to travel with him again? Not on my watch," Yan Xi spat, his aura flaring with fiery intensity.

"So what? It's not like we were engaged because we liked each other. It was just an old agreement, and I've already nullified it. I'm not your fiancée anymore," Mathilda replied, unafraid and resolute.

Yan Xi felt humiliated and was about to unleash his powers when a voice interrupted.

"Well, well, well, I was wondering why my ship's alchemist was late. Turns out she was being stalled by a street dog," Tyler said, walking over to them.

"What did you say, you son of a-" Yan Xi began to curse but was abruptly cut off by Tyler.

"Oh, I almost forgot the debt I have to repay," Tyler said calmly. In an instant, he disappeared and reappeared right in front of Yan Xi.

Yan Xi, though surprised, didn't panic. A burst of flames erupted from the ground beneath Tyler, enveloping him. But nothing happened. Tyler, now covered in dragon scales, broke through the fire and landed a crushing punch on Yan Xi's face. Yan Xi was sent flying, his face shattered, and his teeth scattered. He was so dazed, he couldn't even comprehend what had just happened.

"You dare to attack my disciple!" The leader of Fire Valley, Yan Xi's master, appeared, making a grabbing motion as if to crush Tyler.

But nothing happened-again. Lily Gomes appeared behind Tyler, giving him a smug look. The Master of Fire Valley knew he couldn't act recklessly. He picked up his disciple and flew away in silent defeat.

Back at the port, Yi-Han, Kimmy, Omar, Sebina, Mathilda's maids and junior sisters, and many others had gathered to send them off.

Tyler White, Mana, Silvia, Zuzia, Lily Gomes, and Mathilda boarded the ship.

As a beam of light enveloped the ship, it descended from the Floating Island of Crimson Citadel. Tyler couldn't help but recall how he and Silvia had first entered the Crimson Citadel aboard a rented flying boat.

The ship entered the sea.

The journey to the North had begun.

Chapter 133: Offshoot Tales

Chapter 1 : Twilight Seekers

"Huh... Yumina, I'm back!" Ling Tian shouted as he landed on the island where they had agreed to meet. But the place was deserted, leaving him confused. He looked around, calling out, "Yuminaaaa!"

The air was still for a moment, but then, without warning, powerful wind blades sliced through the atmosphere, aiming directly at him. Instinct kicked in, and Ling Tian swiftly dodged the attack, his reflexes honed from countless battles. His hand flew to the hilt of his sword, *Swift*, as he drew it in one smooth motion, the blade glinting in the dim light.

He turned toward the source of the attack, just in time to see a cluster of water balls flying at him with incredible speed. With a fluid movement, Ling Tian dodged again, his body moving with the grace of a dancer. The water balls struck the ground where he had just been standing, exploding with a force that sent tremors through the earth.

There was no respite. Steam bubbles erupted from the ground, followed by another barrage of wind blades. Ling Tian's eyes narrowed as he raised *Swift*, the sword humming with energy as it sliced through the attacks, dispersing them with ease.

Realising the culprit was airborne, Ling Tian activated his Peng Art. In an instant, black wings erupted from his back, carrying him into the sky with blinding speed.

Hovering in midair was a young girl, her hands encased in sleek, advanced gauntlets, and her feet supported by rocket shoes that kept her aloft. She wore a playful smile as she watched Ling Tian approach.

"Welcome back," she said, her voice carrying a mix of warmth and challenge.

"Wind!" she shouted, and a small display on her gauntlet flickered to life, showing a breeze carrying a leaf. Without hesitation, she unleashed a storm of wind blades from her gauntlets, each one sharp enough to slice through steel.

Surprised by her upgraded gear, Ling Tian didn't dodge but used Swifty to parry the attack. Sparks flew as metal clashed with elemental force.

The sky became their battleground. Yumina, with her enhanced equipment, darted through the air like a falcon, launching attack after attack, while Ling Tian countered with his own sword techniques. With grace and precision, Yumina flew across the sky, launching attack after attack.

"Do you have any trump card, Yumina?" Ling Tian called out, genuinely curious about how far she had come since their last meeting.

Yumina nodded, a determined glint in her eyes. She brought her gauntlets together, the two merging into a single, larger gauntlet that began to hum with power. Energy crackled at the tip, building up with an intensity that made the air around them vibrate.

Ling Tian's expression turned serious as he sensed the immense power she was gathering. He raised *Swifty* above his head, drawing the wind elements from the atmosphere to his blade. The sword began to glow, enveloped in a fierce aura.

"Elemental Beam!" Yumina shouted, releasing a multicoloured beam of pure energy from her gauntlet. The beam tore through the sky, leaving a trail of rainbow light in its wake.

"Sky Slash!" Ling Tian countered, slashing his sword with all his might. The wind elements coalesced into a massive, crescent-shaped slash that met the beam head-on.

The collision of their attacks created a shockwave that rippled across the island and beyond.

Meanwhile, in the sea below, a small fish swam peacefully, unaware of the giant fish lurking behind it. Just as the giant fish was about to strike, a terrifying shockwave rippled through the water. The giant fish, caught in the shockwave, panicked and fled, abandoning its prey. The small fish, sensing movement behind it, turned to see an island nearly obliterated by the clash above. Unfazed, it continued to swim away.

Back on the island, the dust settled, revealing the aftermath of their clash. The landscape was scarred, trees uprooted, and the ground cracked.

Ling Tian, breathing heavily, sheathed his sword as he caught Yumina, who was now falling, completely drained of energy.

"Hahaha... That was fun," Yumina laughed, her voice weak but filled with joy.

Ling Tian couldn't help but smile. "How did you become so strong?" he asked, genuinely impressed by her newfound power.

"When you left for the Kun Peng Trial, a mysterious girl from the North visited me. She called herself 'Hawk.' She looked like she was from a million years in the future..." Yumina began, her voice trailing off as she recalled the encounter. She explained how Hawk, stranded in their time due to a portal watch malfunction, had decided to pass the time by upgrading Yumina's equipment.

"You're so lucky," Ling Tian said, genuinely happy for her.

"You've gotten stronger too," Yumina pointed out. Ling Tian smiled but then his thoughts drifted. "I wonder what Ella is doing?"

Yumina's expression grew sombre for a moment, but she quickly brightened up. "We're going to find her."

****Chapter 2: Marriage****

A year after Tyler and his crew left for the North, Yi Han became more diligent. He managed the restaurants left by Tyler, along with Omar, and spent more time with Kimmy.

One thing led to another, and Kimmy became pregnant. Yi Han didn't hesitate to propose, and Kimmy happily accepted, tears of joy in her eyes.

The marriage took place on the shore of Pebble Isle. Although Yi Han was a little sad that Tyler couldn't join them, he was otherwise enjoying the most beautiful day of his life.

The marriage followed traditional customs.

Yi Han and Kimmy Goel stood together, ready to show respect to the important forces in their lives.

First, they faced the altar and bowed deeply to honour heaven and earth. This bow demonstrated their respect for the natural world and their belief that the universe had played a part in bringing them together.

Next, they turned to their parents and bowed. This was a way of thanking their parents for raising them and supporting them throughout their lives. Their parents, filled with pride, smiled back at them.

Finally, Yi Han and Kimmy turned to each other and bowed. This last bow was the most personal, representing their promise to love, respect, and support each other in their marriage.

As they finished, they stood side by side, ready to start their new life together as husband and wife, having honoured the heavens, their parents, and each other.

Suddenly, an elder from the sect flew toward them.

The elder congratulated them. Yi Han and Kimmy were surprised by the elder's visit.

"Yi Han and Kimmy, according to this document, if Yi Han and Kimmy Goel marry each other, they will gain full ownership—50% each—of the Immortal Bytes Restaurant branch in Pebble Isle," the elder announced, handing over the documents.

"This is a letter left by Mr. White," the elder added, giving a letter to Yi Han.

Congratulations on your marriage. I'm sorry I was unable to attend the wedding. Please accept my gift.

Yi Han and Kimmy Goel looked at the letter with joyful tears.

****Chapter 3: Heavenly Feng Family****

Feng Feiyan, the Immortal who was defeated by a mere mortal, the immortal who got stomped by a mortal, the immortal who got crippled by mortal, bore the scornful titles circulating throughout Feng Grotto Heaven.

Feng Feiyan was recovering from his injuries. Travelling to the lower world had been one of the biggest mistakes he had ever made. He had never encountered someone as abnormal as Tyler White.

"Hmph... The whole White Family is a jinx," Feng Feiyan mumbled.

Suddenly, his chamber door opened, and a beautiful young woman walked in, dressed in a phoenix gown.

Feng Feiyan quickly knelt down. "Your Highness."

The visitor was Princess Feng.

"Uncle Feng, I hear you have fully recovered," Princess Feng said, getting straight to the point.

"Yes, Princess," Feng Feiyan replied quickly.

"The planet that Tyler White ascended to is Boundless World," Princess Feng informed him.

"Isn't that world—" Feng Feiyan looked shocked, as if he remembered something.

"Fate is truly interesting, isn't it? Out of all the worlds, his cultivation path led him to that particular planet," the princess smiled.

"It's no good. I have to go to that planet and eliminate that devil spawn quickly," Feng Feiyan said urgently.

"You can, Uncle Feng. Since there are no restrictions on that planet, you can use your full power to annihilate him. But the curse—" Princess Feng hesitated.

"For our Heavenly Feng Family, I don't mind sacrificing myself. If I kill that devil spawn, I'll die too. But so what?" Feng Feiyan was resolute.

"Uncle Feng," Princess Feng was touched.

Magic circles appeared around her as her beautiful forefinger traced the air.

A spatial crack opened.

"Please go, Uncle Feng. I will take care of your family," the princess said.

Uncle Feng smiled with satisfaction and jumped into the spatial crack.

The princess suddenly had the urge to follow him through the portal, but chains appeared around her, binding her.

"Huh... It's all because of Tyler's parents," the princess said bitterly as she shook her head.

Chapter 134: The Maiden Who Fell From The Sky

The sun hung high in the sky, an unforgiving orb of heat casting its golden rays over the vast, shimmering expanse of the sea. The noon light glared off the water's surface, creating blinding flashes that made it difficult to look directly at the horizon. The sea seemed endless, stretching out in every direction with only the faintest hints of distant islands, barely discernible under the haze of heat.

A colossal ship sailed steadily through the mid-ocean waves, its massive sails catching the hot breeze that did little to ease the sweltering temperature. The deck was alive with activity as the crew members—sweat glistening on their brows—cast lines into the water, their hopes pinned on the chance of catching something worthwhile. Above them, seagulls and frigatebirds circled lazily, their cries echoing faintly against the rhythmic sound of the waves lapping against the hull.

Amidst the bustling crew, a little girl who looked no more than ten years old soared through the air, clutching tightly to the hand of Lily Gomes. Lily stood confidently on her flying sword, the wind tugging at her hair and clothing. A wicker basket was strapped securely to her back, swaying slightly as they glided through the air above the ship.

Silvia, the young girl, held a prana stone in her hands, its soft glow barely visible under the harsh sunlight. She looked at it with intense concentration, her brows furrowed in determination. Lily, ever watchful, stayed close, her presence a calming anchor as she guided Silvia through the process.

"Steady now," Lily murmured, her voice soothing and firm. "Focus on the stone. Let it guide the energy, and don't force it."

Silvia nodded, taking a deep breath. She could feel the prana pulsing within the stone, a force just beyond her full control. Though Lily was an Aura user, She still made sure that nothing wrong happened. If anything goes dangerous she might stop it in the middle.

The air around them shimmered as Silvia channelled the prana, forming a delicate yet powerful magic circle on the surface of the water below. It glowed faintly at first, then grew brighter, etching itself into the sea's surface. Silvia's heart raced with excitement, but as the seconds passed, nothing happened. The sea remained calm, undisturbed by the magic she had woven.

Silvia's shoulders slumped in disappointment. "I thought it would work..." she whispered, her voice small.

Lily landed gracefully on the deck beside her, kneeling to gently pat Silvia on the head. "You did well, Silvia. Magic doesn't always happen immediately. Sometimes, it just takes patience."

Just as Silvia was about to reply, a subtle disturbance in the water caught her eye. Bubbles began to form where the magic circle had been cast, growing larger and more numerous. Silvia's eyes widened in surprise, and Lily's hand moved to steady her.

Suddenly, the sea erupted with life as fish began leaping out of the water, their scales flashing in the sunlight. With quick reflexes, Lily unstrapped the basket from her back and held it out. To their amazement, the fish seemed to defy gravity, arcing gracefully through the air and landing neatly in the basket as if guided by an unseen force.

Silvia's face lit up with joy as she watched the fish settle into the basket. She had done it—she had successfully used her Beast Tamer abilities to summon the fish. Lily smiled warmly at her, pride shining in her eyes.

"Well done, Silvia," Lily said, her voice filled with approval. "You're growing stronger every day."

Silvia beamed, her earlier disappointment forgotten. Together, they watched the last of the fish leap from the sea into the basket, the magic circle fading from the water's surface as the noon sun continued to blaze overhead.

"I wonder what Big Brother Tyler is doing?" Silvia mumbled.

Under the sea, the water was a vast and tranquil expanse. In this stillness, Tyler floated, his presence commanding the energies of the ocean around him. His eyes were closed, and his thoughts resonated with the ancient wisdom he had absorbed.

"There is nothing gentler than water. There is no gap it cannot seep into. Water is supple, fluid, and silent, yet it can be big and violent. There is nothing that can stop water," He chanted in his mind, feeling the truth of those words in the steady pulse of the ocean's currents. The energy around him surged calmly, swirling with the latent power of the sea.

Suddenly, Tyler's eyes snapped open, their blue depths mirroring the colour of the water around him. With a smooth motion, he snapped his fingers, and his forefinger morphed into a sharp, claw-like

appendage. He made a swift cut on the back of his other hand, intending to draw blood and attract some of the larger sea creatures that dwelled in these waters, eager to test his new techniques.

But as soon as the cut was made, the surrounding water shimmered and began to glow softly. The injury on his hand sealed itself almost instantly, the flesh knitting together as if it had never been wounded. Tyler watched, momentarily startled, before shaking his head with a wry smile.

"Oops, I forgot," he thought. The Kun Healing Ability—an extraordinary gift he had inherited from the Kun Peng ruins—activated whenever he was submerged in the ocean. It was a power so potent that even self-inflicted wounds could not persist for long.

Realising that his plan to bait the fish had been thwarted by his own abilities, Tyler sighed. His mood for practice had vanished as quickly as the cut on his hand. The ocean, while an ally, sometimes had its own way of reminding him of the powers he wielded.

With a fluid motion, Tyler propelled himself upward, breaking through the surface of the water with ease. He blinked against the harsh midday sunlight, scanning the horizon for his ship. His eyes widened in shock when he spotted only a tiny speck in the distance.

"Oh shi— My ship!" he exclaimed, his voice tinged with panic.

Without a second thought, Tyler dove back into the water, his body cutting through the waves like a torpedo. He swam with the speed and grace of a creature born of the sea, his form a blur as he raced toward the rapidly disappearing dot on the horizon.

Tyler finally reached the ship, his powerful strokes cutting through the water like a blade. As he approached the ship, he caught sight of a scene that made him burst into laughter. Dangling from a fishing pole over the side of the ship was Mathilda, the ship's alchemist, tied up like a giant bait.

Tyler couldn't help but laugh out loud as he launched himself out of the water. With a graceful leap, he caught Mathilda mid-air and, with another powerful jump, landed smoothly on the deck of the ship.

"Hahaha... I won the bet! Give me Lydia!" Mathilda exclaimed triumphantly, still cradled in Tyler's arms.

Tyler barely had time to register her words before Mathilda wriggled free, planted a quick kiss on his cheek, and then darted off to collect her winnings from Lily, Mana, Silvia, Taka, and Darla.

"B-Boss... I lost," Taka muttered, shaking his head in disappointment as he handed over his share.

"Boss... I trusted you," Darla added, her eyes glistening with unshed tears as she reluctantly gave Lydia to Mathilda.

"Hmph... Brother Tyler is always Uncle Horny," Silvia quipped with a mischievous grin.

Mana and Lily exchanged amused glances before handing over their own stacks of Lydia, their smiles betraying their amusement.

Still confused, Tyler finally managed to ask, "Ok... Explain what happened?"

Mathilda, her eyes gleaming with victory, jumped up and down in excitement. "It was a bet! I told them that we could easily lure you back to the ship using a woman as bait. Hmph... I didn't expect them to use me as the bait, but I still won!"

"What the—That's an insult!" Tyler protested, feeling both flustered and slightly indignant. He jumped back onto the deck, hands on his hips as he declared, "Why would I go after women? Remember, only girls should go after boys, not the other way around!"

Lily, never one to miss an opportunity for wordplay, quickly countered, "If a girl goes after a boy, it means he must have stolen her wallet."

Tyler almost lost his balance, teetering on the edge of the deck. "Listen, I don't have to go after girls. Girls will fall for me."

"Fall? Like falling from the sky?" Silvia asked innocently, tilting her head.

Before Tyler could respond, a shadow suddenly loomed overhead. In the very next second, he was struck by a figure falling from above. The impact sent both him and the unexpected maiden crashing into the sea below.

The crew rushed to the edge of the ship, peering down at the water in shock and disbelief.

Mathilda, still clutching her winnings, burst into laughter. "Well, he wasn't wrong—girls really do fall for him!"

Meanwhile, Tyler sputtered as he surfaced, the maiden in his arms. His day had taken yet another unexpected turn, and he couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of it all, even as he tried to figure out who this mysterious girl was and why she had literally fallen from the sky.

Chapter 135: Astrid

The beautiful blonde girl slowly regained consciousness, her eyelids fluttering open as she took in her unfamiliar surroundings. She was lying in a cozy room, its walls adorned with simple decorations. As her gaze swept across the room, it settled on a small, pretty elf sitting nearby. The elf had pale skin, striking white hair, and deep red eyes, which were currently focused on a book she was reading with intense concentration.

Sensing the girl's gaze, the little elf looked up, her serious expression softening into one of surprise. "Ah... you're awake," the elf said in a sweet, gentle voice. She was so cute that the girl immediately felt the urge to pat her head.

Before the girl could say anything, the elf's face lit up, and she suddenly shouted, "That aunty woke up!" Without another word, the elf darted out of the room, leaving the girl alone.

"Aunty?" The girl wrinkled her nose in dissatisfaction, muttering to herself, "Not cute at all."

Moments later, the little elf returned, this time accompanied by another beauty. Unlike the elf, this woman was human, with an air of confidence and a sharp gaze that immediately commanded attention.

"How many times do I have to tell you? I'm an alchemist well-versed in potion-making and pill-crafting, not in diagnoses," the woman, Mathilda, said with a shake of her head. Despite her complaints, she approached the bed with a determined look and reached out to check the girl's pulse.

As Mathilda's fingers touched her wrist, she glanced at the blonde girl's face and suddenly gulped, her expression shifting to something much less professional. Her eyes lingered a bit too long, and she swallowed hard like a pervert trying to keep composure.

"You go play somewhere else," Mathilda said to the elf, her voice tinged with barely restrained excitement. "I'll give her a full-body checkup."

Wiping a bit of drool from the corner of her mouth, Mathilda leaned in closer, but before she could proceed, the little elf spoke up, her tone firm. "Brother Tyler warned me never to leave you alone with any woman."

Silvia's words were resolute, and she refused to budge, her red eyes watching Mathilda warily.

Just then, the girl in the bed sat up, her movements fluid and graceful. "It's alright," she said, her voice soft yet confident. "I can heal myself."

With that, a soft white light began to emanate from her body, spreading outwards until it enveloped her completely. The light shimmered briefly, and when it faded, her pale complexion had transformed into a healthy, glowing radiance.

"Huh... what just happened?" Silvia tilted her head, confusion etched on her delicate features.

"An angel," someone suddenly whispered from the doorway.

The three turned to see Lily leaning casually against the doorframe, her expression one of quiet amusement. She pushed off from the door and walked gracefully toward the bed, her eyes locked on the blonde girl.

"So, you're an angel that fell from Heaven?" Lily asked as she reached out, lifting the girl's chin gently with her fingers. The touch sent a blush creeping across the girl's cheeks.

"Ah... Lily Onee-sama has ultimate rizz," Mathilda murmured in awe, her eyes practically sparkling with admiration. She bit her lip, wishing she could trade places with the girl in the bed.

"Rizz me up too, Onee-sama~" Mathilda suddenly cried out, her arms outstretched as she leaped toward Lily.

In the next instant, Mathilda was sprawled on the ground, a large bump forming on her head. She lay there, drooling slightly, a dopey grin on her face.

"Hehehe... attack me more," she babbled deliriously, clearly dazed from the impact.

"Hello... thank you for saving me," Astrid began, her voice gentle and sincere as she introduced herself. "My name is Astrid. I am actually... well, I'm half-angel," she added, a hint of shyness colouring her tone.

"Angel Astrid, we need to thoroughly check your body. Come to my room, please," Mathilda said, standing up with a serious expression.

Lily Gomes, overhearing this, couldn't help but interject. "I know that sort of line. Those face-slapping male protagonists in cultivation novels always say, 'Miss, for your safety's sake, this one shall share the room with you tonight.' After that... Well, there is no after that." She mumbled the last part while stepping in to block Mathilda.

Astrid, sensing the playful tension, decided to shift the conversation. "Where are we now?" she asked.

Lily turned to her with a soft smile. "We're in the middle of the Everblue Sea," she replied.

"Oh... Can I meet your captain?" Astrid requested, her curiosity piqued.

"You can, but our captain is a bit busy at the moment," Lily said. "He's out on the deck selling stuff to adventurers."

On the deck, Tyler was in the middle of a transaction, explaining to the adventurers gathered around him. "Sorry, I don't have any furniture to sell at the moment," he said, realizing that stocking up on furniture might be a profitable idea for the future. Suddenly, a thought seemed to strike him, and he excused himself, heading back inside.

"Mana," Tyler called out as he entered the ship's interior.

His Ghost Spirit, Mana, materialized out of thin air. "Yes, Captain?"

"Go to one of the rooms we never use and pick up those unused furniture pieces in storage bags," Tyler instructed, handing Mana a copper pot. "And you know what to do with this."

Mana chuckled, understanding his intentions. "You never miss a chance to make money," she remarked before floating away with the copper pot.

Tyler returned to the deck, telling the adventurers to wait. As he did so, Darla approached, bringing a tray of tea. She whispered in Tyler's ear as she passed him a cup, "The girl has woken up."

Tyler nodded. "I'll head over as soon as I finish up here," he said, taking a sip of the tea.

"Nice tea," one of the adventurers commented, savouring the taste.

"That'll be 100 Lydia per cup," Tyler quipped, causing the adventurers to freeze in shock.

"I'm just kidding," Tyler laughed, enjoying their reactions.

Surrppp

The adventurers quickly finished their tea and eagerly asked, "Once more!"

Tyler's eye twitched slightly at their eagerness. These guys are so petty, he thought to himself as Darla nodded and headed off to prepare another round of tea.

After selling the furniture and other items, the adventurers departed in their ship, leaving Tyler to reflect on the encounter.

"I like pirates more. They don't haggle at all," Tyler murmured, almost to himself.

Darla, who was busy picking up the cups left by the adventurers, paused for a moment, dumbfounded. She knew some pirates had tried to rob them in the past but ended up getting robbed themselves. It was no wonder the captain preferred dealing with them.

Tyler made his way to his office, where Astrid was waiting. As he entered, he offered a warm greeting. "Hello, I am the captain of this merchant ship. Tyler White."

Astrid rose to shake his hand, bowing her head slightly. "Hello. I'm Astrid," she introduced herself, then hesitated before adding, "Uh... well, sorry about falling on you earlier."

Tyler waved off the apology with a friendly smile. "Don't worry about it. Are you alright?"

Astrid nodded. "Yes, I'm fine now, thank you."

Lily Gomes, who was standing nearby, chimed in, "She's a Light Element User, a natural healer."

"Light element?" Tyler repeated, surprised.

Astrid nodded again, this time more confidently. "W-well, I'm half-angel, so I have Light attributes."

"Oh... an angel. That makes sense," Tyler said, though he thought to himself, *Sense my ass.* But his curiosity got the better of him, and he asked, "Wait, angels exist?"

"Huh... yeah," Astrid replied, her tone a bit awkward as she realized how strange it might sound to him.

Lily stepped in to clarify, "Yes, angels do exist. I'll explain more about it later."

Tyler nodded, accepting the information for now. "Alright. Is there anything else you'd like to say, Miss Astrid?"

Astrid hesitated briefly before making her request. "Mr. Tyler, can I travel with you until we reach Rich Berg Island?"

Tyler looked over at Lily, who gave a nod. "That's on our route, so it's not a problem."

"Alright," Tyler agreed, then added with a serious tone, "But before that, you have to tell us—why did you fall from the sky?"

Meanwhile, inside a pirate ship adorned with 'a silver eye' as Jolly Roger, the atmosphere was tense. The captain, known for his piercing silver eyes, slowly opened them, his gaze cold and unforgiving.

Below him, a group of pirates knelt in fear, their heads bowed low. One of them, trembling, dared to speak up. "W-we are sorry, Captain. She escaped... But we're sure she might be dead by now," the pirate stammered, his voice betraying his fear.

His head flew off from his body.

The Silver-Eyed Captain narrowed his eyes, his expression turning even colder. "Just useless speculation," he said, his voice laced with disdain.

The Silver-Eyed Captain glanced down at the picture in his hand, his expression darkening further. It was a picture of Astrid, her angelic features captured in stark contrast to the grim surroundings of the pirate ship.

Captain Silver Eye

Affiliation: Silver Eye Pirates

Bounty: 75 Million Lydia