

R Cultivator 141

Chapter 141: Eyes on Blackwood Pirates

The female was shocked, but she could not move at all. However, she saw the Masked man beside her take a step forward. He walked steadily all the way to the person.

The one star Elite Warrior suddenly froze. He allowed the senior to walk past. He did not stop at all. He walked to the burly man.

At this moment, everything seemed to have slowed down. Immediately after, the woman saw that the One star Elite Warrior foam at the mouth. Blood oozed from the corner of his mouth.

The next moment.

Crash!

He collapsed in a puddle of blood.

This sudden thing made everyone's heart race.

The burly man felt a cold sweat trickle down his back, his confidence crumbling in the face of Tyler's calm, almost casual demeanour. He hadn't even seen how Tyler had attacked, and that realization sent a wave of dread through him. The Masked Man before him was not someone to be trifled with.

As he opened his mouth, ready to beg for his life, Tyler sighed, his expression shifting to one of mild disappointment.

"It doesn't matter," Tyler said, almost as if he were speaking to himself. "I really dislike being provoked and underestimated."

In an instant, a blade materialized in Tyler's hand, its edge gleaming menacingly under the dim light. With a swift, precise movement, the blade found its place at the burly man's neck, the cold metal pressing against his skin.

Then, he slashed.

"Learn to be more polite next time."

The blade fell, and the burly man was beheaded.

The burly man could do nothing.

With a thud, he fell to the floor and lost consciousness.

There was nothing more left.

"I meant Next Life." Tyler murmured.

"Now, can we have that tea? I'll pay the original price." Tyler turned toward Elder Xie, his voice calm and composed as if the previous scene hadn't happened.

Elder Xie nodded his head subconsciously, still shaken by the swift and brutal display of power. He quickly complied, and within a few minutes, Tyler had secured the Master Level Disguise Charm and some of the prized tea leaves.

As Tyler stowed away the items, Elder Xie couldn't help but glance at the unconscious beauty lying on the table. His curiosity got the better of him.

"She's Astrid. Most of the pirates around these seas are searching for her," Lily Gomes said casually, not even looking up as she cleaned her whip with a cloth.

"Thank you for the items. We're leaving." Tyler stood up, and the others followed suit. As he was about to leave, he suddenly paused and turned back toward Elder Xie.

"About us—" Tyler began.

"I will never tell a single soul," Elder Xie quickly interjected, eager to reassure him.

"Nuh-uh..." Tyler shook his finger, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Tell everyone about me. Tell them that Phantom Blackwood Pirates captured the Half-Angel girl. I want everyone on the sea to know it. I want everyone after me."

As he turned to leave, his hand brushed lightly against the lips of the female disciple standing nearby. "If only I had time, I would have tasted you," he said with a teasing smile.

The female disciple blushed deeply, a mix of embarrassment and disappointment washing over her as Tyler walked away.

"I would have tasted you..." Lily Gomes repeated mockingly, mimicking Tyler's tone as they exited the room.

After leaving the sect, Tyler and Lily vanished, only to reappear in an abandoned building. The 'unconscious' Astrid stirred awake, her eyes filled with concern.

"Will this work?" Astrid asked, her voice trembling slightly.

Tyler held up the Master Disguise Charm, a delicate necklace. Astrid took it and slipped it around her neck. Almost instantly, her Prana shifted, and Lily sensed the transformation—Astrid now appeared as an ordinary water mage. Even her face morphed into that of a different person.

"Perfect," Tyler said, removing his mask with a satisfied smile. "No one will recognize you now. Plus, everyone will be chasing after the Phantom Pirates, not our ship."

Lily stood in deep thought, her brow furrowed.

"Something on your mind?" Tyler asked, noticing her distraction.

"Yeah... I still haven't decided on a name for myself," Lily replied seriously.

Tyler glanced at her. She wore a stylized jacket that clung to her arms and upper torso, opening just below her sternum, revealing a generous décolletage. With the whip in her hand, she exuded a fierce and seductive aura.

"Temptress?" Tyler blurted out.

"Huh... Temptress," Lily repeated, her eyes lighting up. "Temptress Blackwood."

She, too, removed her mask, revealing a smile of satisfaction.

Astrid had countless questions, but she kept them to herself. She had promised not to ask anything about the Blackwood Pirates. Tyler had been the last to trust her, and even now, it was only because of the other girls on the ship that he extended a bit of faith her way.

Soon, Tyler and Lily returned to their ship with Astrid disguised as an ordinary girl.

Meanwhile, the seas buzzed with rumours. Word spread that a pirate group known as the Blackwood Pirates had attacked the White Merchant Group and captured the Half-Angel. The news caused many who had planned to target the White Merchant Group to withdraw, now intent on hunting down the elusive Blackwood Pirates instead.

The Blackwood Pirates were a mysterious crew—no one knew what their Jolly Roger looked like or could even describe their ship. The reality is even they didn't decide on their Jolly Roger and they don't have a pirate ship.

"Blackwood Pirates?" Captain Silver Eye muttered, intrigued.

"Yes, Captain," his Vice-Captain confirmed. "We don't have many details about them. It's rumoured that they killed the grandson of a sect leader in the south. There's a 30 million Lydia bounty on their heads, and the sect has even promised to provide resources up to the Grandmaster level to whoever brings them the head of the Blackwood Pirates' leader."

"Heh... As if reaching Grandmaster level is that simple," Captain Silver Eye chuckled, a mocking edge to his tone.

"Doesn't matter. Just track these pirates. If they're doing this for us, they'll eventually make contact," the captain ordered with a wave of his hand.

"Aye," the Vice-Captain nodded, already thinking ahead.

Now everyone's eyes are on Blackwood Pirates. Everyone except one.

The sun hung high in the sky, its golden rays reflecting off the polished wood and gleaming metal of the luxury ship. A girl in a maid outfit moved gracefully across the deck, her steps light and purposeful. The hem of her simple dress swayed with each step, contrasting sharply with the opulence surrounding her. Despite the grandeur of her environment, her mind was elsewhere, focused on a crumpled piece of paper she held tightly in her hand.

"How the heck did they lose to this unknown pirate group?" Isadora muttered under her breath, her brows furrowed in frustration. She continued to stare at the poster of Phantom Blackwood, lost in thought. "But my intuition tells me something's off... Should I visit them again?"

Lost in contemplation, Isadora was unaware of the figure approaching her. A rich, portly man adorned in luxurious clothes strutted across the deck, his rotund form swaying slightly with each step. His beady eyes fixated on Isadora, a sly smile spreading across his face as he drew near. He had noticed her from afar, her beauty standing out even among the lavish surroundings, and he had made up his mind—this stunning young woman would be his.

"Hello, my beautiful lady," the man crooned, his voice dripping with condescension.

He halted before her and, with great effort, bent down on one knee, oblivious to the fact that she hadn't even noticed him. "Such a beautiful girl shouldn't be a maid. You should be my lady instead. Even though we've just met, I think I've fallen in love with you."

His proclamation echoed across the deck, drawing the attention of nearby passengers and fellow maids alike. Some of the other maids exchanged glances, their eyes filled with envy and curiosity. How lucky, they thought, for Isadora to catch the eye of such a wealthy suitor.

"I've decided—I'm going to visit them," Isadora murmured to herself, completely ignoring the man. Without a second thought, she turned on her heel and made her way to the edge of the deck. She then leaped into the water and disappeared.

The rich man blinked in confusion as she walked past him without a word. "W-what?" he stammered, struggling to comprehend what just happened.

"Oh no... She couldn't stand his ugly face and decided to end it all," one onlooker whispered.

"She said she was going to visit them. Probably her dead parents," another added.

Soon, the crowd was buzzing with gossip, each theory wilder than the last.

The rich man stood frozen, mouth agape, as the realization of what had just occurred slowly dawned on him. His romantic fantasy had crumbled before it even began.

He decided to hit the Gym.

Chapter 142: Meeting Someone

Tyler's ship sailed into the tranquil waters of a bustling port, the island brimming with activity as merchants and adventurers moved about with purpose. The crew anchored their vessel, and Tyler, along with Lily, made their way onto the island, blending into the crowd as they headed towards the heart of the town.

The town was alive with commerce, and the sounds of haggling and chatter filled the air. Tyler and Lily, dressed as merchants, navigated through the crowded streets until they reached the imposing structure of the 'Golden Mariner Merchant Guild'. The guild was known far and wide as the hub for adventurers seeking quests and for merchants looking to buy or sell valuable information.

As they entered the grand hall of the guild, they were greeted by the sight of adventurers and traders negotiating deals, exchanging maps, and bartering over rare goods. Tyler and Lily approached the counter, where a middle-aged man with a sharp gaze and a shrewd smile stood ready to assist them.

"We're here for information," Tyler said, sliding a pouch of coins across the counter.

The man's eyes flicked to the pouch before he nodded, pocketing the money. "What do you seek?"

"We want to know why the pirates are after a girl named Astrid," Lily said, her tone serious.

The man's expression shifted slightly, a sign that the information they sought was not something trivial. He leaned in closer, lowering his voice. "The turmoil in the Rosefall Kingdom has everyone on edge. Word on the seas is that Astrid is no ordinary girl. Her full name is Astrid Rosefall."

Lily's eyes widened slightly, though she quickly masked her surprise. Tyler remained composed, but the significance of the name was not lost on him.

"Rosefall... as in the royal family?" Tyler asked, his voice calm but probing.

The man nodded. "Exactly. She's part of the Rosefall bloodline. With the Crown Prince missing and the throne in dispute, I don't understand why they are trying to capture this girl."

Lily crossed her arms, her mind racing with possibilities. "She might be more than just a pawn in their game."

Lily exchanged a glance with Tyler. "It could mean that the Nation Hero isn't her aunt."

Tyler considered this, his gaze thoughtful. "Well but it seems like she is closer to the Nation Hero."

They both knew that this revelation complicated things. Protecting Astrid wasn't just about shielding her from pirates anymore—it was about keeping her hidden from those who would use her to seize power in the Rosefall Kingdom.

"Thank you for the information," Tyler said, sliding another pouch of coins across the counter as a tip.

The man nodded, pocketing the additional coins. "If you need more information, you know where to find me."

Tyler and Lily turned to leave, their minds now filled with the weight of what they had learned. As they stepped out of the guild and back into the bustling streets, the sun was beginning to set, casting long shadows over the island.

"Any news?" Back on the ship, Mana asked.

"Princess Astrid Rosefall?" Tyler called out.

Astrid smiled bitterly. "Oh... it looks like my identity is beginning to spread."

Tyler just nodded and asked, "Well, never mind. The ship will stay here for a day. Do you really want to go?"

"I just wanted to ask her a question. I want to know about someone," Astrid said while she touched her locket.

The thing is, Astrid wants to meet someone. It's not a big problem since Astrid is in disguise, but what Tyler is worried about is, "Is that person trustworthy?" Tyler asked.

"She is. In fact, she is Aunt Evergreen's mother," Astrid said.

A few minutes later...

Rock, Paper, Scissors.

Mathilda, Lily, Tyler, and Mana were playing 'Rock, Paper, Scissors.'

Tyler flinched when he realised he had won.

"Wow... how lucky. You're going on a date with an angel," Mathilda teased him.

In fact, there were many things to take care of on the ship, and they had decided to send only one person with Astrid. They decided to select the person through a game of 'Rock, Paper, Scissors.'

"All right, all right."

Mathilda quickly dragged Tyler to the corner. She then locked her arm around Tyler's neck from the side and whispered in his ear, "Hey. If possible, don't try to eat her. From what I heard, she already has someone in her heart."

Tyler caught a sweet scent from her. Her fragrance entered his nose, and her whispers tickled his ear.

"I would rather eat you," Tyler whispered back, leaving Mathilda dumbfounded.

"Huh... why are you blushing?" Silvia asked.

"Huh..? What do you mean? I only like women," Mathilda murmured and ran away.

A small village lay nestled in the farthest part of the island, and Tyler and Astrid were on their way there. Thanks to Tyler's Flying Boat, they would reach the place in just 30 minutes. The boat, which appeared ordinary on the outside, was anything but. It was engraved with a Floating Array and other arrays that Tyler himself had crafted, allowing it to be controlled effortlessly by divine sense.

As they travelled, Astrid and Tyler sat opposite each other, an awkward silence between them. The hum of the boat's magic-filled the air, but it was clear Astrid had something on her mind.

"Umm..." Astrid started, her voice hesitant.

"Huh?" Tyler responded, raising an eyebrow.

"Nothing," Astrid quickly turned away, unable to find the words.

The boat soon arrived at the village. It was a humble place by the seashore, where small children played and fishermen worked tirelessly. The villagers briefly glanced at the newcomers but quickly returned to their tasks.

Tyler and Astrid made their way through the village, stopping at a modest house. Astrid hesitated for a moment before knocking on the door.

"No matter what happens, don't let your emotions get the best of you," Tyler warned, his voice low and serious.

"Don't worry. I have self-control," Astrid replied confidently, patting her chest. The mountains jiggled - a motion that made Tyler quickly avert his gaze. Astrid didn't notice it.

The door creaked open, revealing an old woman.

"Grandma," Astrid whispered, but the tears she had tried to hold back began to fall freely.

"What happened to self-control?" Tyler muttered under his breath, gently pushing both of them inside before closing the door behind them.

The three of them sat around a small wooden table, sipping tea. The cozy room was filled with the warm aroma of freshly brewed herbs, but an air of tension lingered.

"Who is this man?" the old woman asked, her eyes narrowing as she looked at Tyler. Astrid had already removed her disguise, revealing her true identity.

"Hello, I'm Tyler White. Just an ordinary merchant," Tyler replied politely, offering a small smile.

The old woman's stern expression softened into a smile. "Thank you for taking care of my granddaughter," she said warmly. Then, leaning closer to Astrid, she whispered, "You didn't hook up with this man, did you? I thought you were going to marry my grandson."

'I can hear you,' Tyler thought inwardly, his face remaining neutral despite the awkward situation.

Astrid's face flushed, and she quickly changed the subject. "Oh, yes... I'm here to ask about Lutz. Do you know where he is?"

"Lutz is in the kingdom now," the grandmother replied, her tone more serious. "But I don't know what he's doing at the moment."

They spent some time chatting about trivial matters before Astrid, her disguise back in place, bid her grandmother farewell with tears in her eyes. As she and Tyler prepared to leave, the old woman stood at the door, waving them off with a sad smile. The Flying Boat lifted into the air, carrying them away from the village.

The grandmother watched until the boat disappeared from sight, then turned back inside with a sigh. She walked to a small, dimly lit room and opened the door.

"Are you sure you don't want to see her, Lutz?" she asked gently.

"Not now, Grandma. It's not time," replied a young man with brown hair, his expression sombre as he stared out the window at the now-empty sky.

"Who is this Lutz?" Tyler asked out of curiosity as the Flying Boat soared above the treetops, cutting through the sky with ease.

"He's my childhood friend," Astrid replied softly, her fingers gently tracing the edges of the locket she had just opened. Inside was a small, faded picture of herself and a young boy with brown hair, smiling brightly at the camera. "This is Lutz. We grew up together."

As the Flying Boat glided smoothly through the air, Astrid began to share her childhood memories with Tyler.

Tyler listened attentively, offering the occasional nod or comment.

After a while, Astrid turned the conversation towards Tyler. "What about you?" she asked, her curiosity piqued. "What's your story?"

Tyler raised an eyebrow, a small grin forming on his lips. "Didn't the girls already tell you?" he asked, his tone teasing. "Huh... Well..." Astrid looked away awkwardly, clearly caught off guard.

"Wait... what exactly did they tell you?" Tyler asked, leaning forward with a playful suspicion.

"They said that you're a very good guy," Astrid answered, trying to suppress a mischievous laugh but failing.

Chapter 143: Twilight Seekers and the Couples

The boy with a short sword strapped to his waist stepped forward confidently, a spark of determination in his eyes. "We are adventurers," he declared, his voice steady.

"Be polite," the girl beside him gently chided. She had a soft, calming presence, and unlike her companion, she carried no visible weapons. Despite this, there was an air of quiet strength about her.

The boy was Ling Tian, and the girl was Yumina. Together, they were known as the "Twilight Seekers," a duo that had quickly earned a reputation for their remarkable skills and teamwork.

They had arrived at Pearl Village, a small but lively community that stood as the last bastion of defense against the encroaching sea. The village head had requested the adventurers' aid to fend off the incoming monster tide, a perilous event that occurred when the sea level rose and the waters surged onto the island. The island itself was modest, with only one large village, but its people were hardy and determined to protect their home.

The monsters that accompanied the tide were unlike any seen on land, twisted amalgamations of sea creatures with the ability to walk on land. Crabs with shells as hard as iron and claws that could snap a tree in half, lobsters that stood on two legs, their pincers the size of a man's torso, and other grotesque beings that combined the worst traits of both land and sea. Each creature stood at half the size of an average human but was easily twice as deadly. They moved with an unsettling grace, their beady eyes shining with malevolent intelligence.

"Hey, is that them?" one of the adventurers whispered, eyeing Ling Tian and Yumina with a mix of awe and curiosity. A group of other adventurers, who had taken on the same task, stood nearby, preparing for the coming battle.

"They're incredibly strong, especially that girl. Her skills are too annoying to deal with," another adventurer muttered, recalling a past encounter where Yumina's abilities had turned the tide of battle in an instant.

"What are they called again?"

"Twilight Seekers."

As the adventurers exchanged nervous glances, the noisy ocean suddenly fell silent. The abrupt stillness was more terrifying than the roars of the waves. All eyes turned to the shore, where they saw the sea begin to recede at an unnatural speed, revealing the ocean floor in its wake. Far on the horizon, a massive wave began to form, towering above the water, growing larger by the second. But it wasn't just one wave—behind it, another, and another, each one building in intensity, creating a wall of water that surged toward the island with frightening speed.

"Everyone... kill them!" one of the adventurers shouted, the fear in his voice betraying the urgency of the situation. The adventurers, now united in their resolve, drew their weapons and braced themselves for the onslaught.

Ling Tian unsheathed his sword, 'Swiftly,' a slender blade that gleamed like polished silver. It was a needle sword, designed for speed and precision, and in his hands, it was as deadly as any broadsword.

Beside him, Yumina clicked her shoes, and her body lifted off the ground, hovering just above the surface. With a quick motion, she touched the ring on her finger, and two gleaming gauntlets materialized in her hands. She slipped them on with practiced ease, her eyes narrowing as she prepared for the battle ahead.

The first wave hit, and the monsters emerged from the frothing sea, their grotesque forms casting long shadows on the sand. Ling Tian was the first to move, his figure blurring as he dashed forward, 'Swiftly' slicing through the air with lethal precision. He struck down a crab monster, its hard shell splitting cleanly under his blade. Another lunged at him from the side, but he pivoted smoothly, delivering a lightning-fast thrust that pierced its armored hide.

But the monsters were relentless. As Ling Tian fought on the ground, several took to the air, propelled by powerful legs or fins that acted like wings. They swooped down, aiming for his exposed back, but they never reached him. A gust of wind, sharp as a blade, sliced through the air, cutting down the first attacker. Steam bubbles formed around the next, popping with explosive force and sending the creature tumbling to the ground, its exoskeleton cracked and broken.

Yumina hovered above the fray, her gauntlets glowing with energy as she unleashed her abilities. With a flick of her wrist, she sent a barrage of fire bullets streaking through the sky, each one finding its mark with unerring accuracy. The monsters that dared to approach from above were met with a swift and fiery demise, their charred bodies falling into the sea below.

Ling Tian continued his assault on the ground, weaving through the swarm of monsters with deadly grace. His needle sword danced in his hands, striking with pinpoint accuracy. Every thrust, every slash, was calculated, efficient, and devastating. The monsters fell before him like wheat before the scythe, their numbers thinning with each passing second.

The battle raged on, till next day.

With the monster tide defeated and the village once again safe, Ling Tian and Yumina received their reward from the grateful villagers. As they prepared to leave, one of the adventurer groups, impressed by their strength, extended an invitation.

"Thank you, we'll accept your offer," Yumina replied with a polite smile.

As they sailed away from Pearl Village aboard the adventurers' ship, Ling Tian leaned against the railing, gazing out at the vast ocean. The salty breeze tugged at his hair, and for a moment, he let himself relax.

"We should create a crew and have our own ship," he mused aloud, his eyes still fixed on the horizon. The recent battle had reminded him of the dangers that lay ahead, and the limitations of relying on others. Their boat, the small vessel they had used to sail to Pearl Village, had been destroyed in the monster tide. They needed something more substantial, something that could withstand the perils of the sea.

Yumina, sitting nearby, adjusted her gauntlets before stowing them away. "First, let's reunite with Ella," she said, her tone practical. "After that, we can decide what to do next."

Ling Tian nodded, though his mind was already wandering to other matters. "We should add more people to our crew too," he added thoughtfully. His thoughts drifted back to the Kun Peng Ruins, where he had once found himself in a life-threatening situation. He vividly remembered the moment when a beautiful lady had saved him—a woman with a presence as fierce as the storm itself. That woman was Lily Gomes.

Meanwhile,

"One red and one white," the man explained as he placed the cups on the table, "means ginseng with red apricot and date tea, as well as ginkgo and white dew nectar. They're best enjoyed before a meal." He served the couple a hearty meal, his eyes briefly sweeping over them with a hint of curiosity.

"So, you're searching for some people?" he inquired, his gaze lingering on the woman a moment longer. She was strikingly beautiful, the kind of beauty that naturally drew a second glance. The gentle curve of her belly made it clear she was pregnant.

"Yes," Lan Yi responded after a brief pause. "Their names are Tyler White, Yu Meixue, and Priscilla."

Indeed, they were the Lan couple—Lan Yi and Lan Xuero.

"If I hear anything about those names, I'll be sure to let you know." The man replied.

The Lan Couples thanked them and left.

As Lan Xuero and Lan Yi walked out, a young man strolling toward the building caught sight of Lan Xuero. His eyes widened, and he nearly drooled at the sight of her beauty.

"Who is that?" the Young Master demanded, turning to his servant with a lustful gleam in his eyes.

"I'll find out everything about her within the hour, Young Master," the servant replied dutifully, already preparing to carry out his orders.

The Young Master sneered, clearly accustomed to getting what he wanted. "I don't care who she is. I want her in my bed this evening," he declared with a dismissive wave, before continuing on his way. From the way he spoke, it was clear that this wasn't the first time he had made such demands. His parents, both Grandmaster-level mages and respected teachers at the academy, ensured that no one dared to oppose him.

"Yiyi, we should leave the island quickly," Lan Xuero urged, a hint of concern in her voice. "Remember the powerful being gave us instructions. I think we should focus on completing the task."

Lan Yi's expression hardened. "Xuero, forget about that, okay? You're carrying our child now. I don't want anything to happen to you. If possible, let's avoid meeting Tyler White. I know... strange things

happened between you two, and that's exactly why I don't want you near him again. I don't like that you dragged me here just to find him," he added, his tone growing slightly irritated.

"Huh... what's gotten into you all of a sudden?" Lan Xuero asked, taken aback by his sudden change in demeanor.

Lan Yi paused for a moment, his eyes narrowing as he scanned the surroundings. "There's something in the air—a medicinal smell. Some sort of drug... that's why I'm getting angry," he realized, quickly adjusting his aura to expel the influence.

"Who's there?" Lan Yi demanded, his voice sharp and alert.

A servant emerged from the shadows, accompanied by several others. "Be a good boy and lend us your wife," the servant said with a lecherous grin, his eyes filled with lust.

After that...

There was no after that. The Young Master later found his servant and the others lying dead in an alley.

Chapter 144: Training in the middle of the Sea

LTyler, standing on his boat, hurled the trident with precision. The weapon shot through the air, aimed at a small bark floating on the sea's surface.

The remarkable thing was that the trident never left Tyler's hand. Instead, a magical projection of it streaked across the water, striking the bark dead centre.

"I wonder what kind of mechanism this is," Lily Gomes mused, her curiosity piqued. She took the trident from Tyler and, without much thought, casually tossed it down on the ship's deck.

thunk, A loud crack echoed as the trident embedded itself into the ship's wooden surface, causing a small fracture to appear.

"Don't damage the ship," Tyler chided, eyeing the small fissure with concern.

"Hey... If you guys want to practice, do it on the sea, not on the ship!" Mana suddenly appeared out of thin air, her tone sharp as she reprimanded them.

"Yes, ma'am," Tyler and Lily responded in unison, snapping to attention with mock salutes.

The ship had come to a halt in the middle of the ocean, an unusual feat given the circumstances. Normally, a ship of this size couldn't stop so abruptly in the open sea, as the anchor would never reach the ocean floor. However, their vessel was no ordinary ship. It was equipped with advanced arrays that allowed it to defy conventional maritime practices, keeping it stationary even in the vast depths.

Inside the ship, Mana floated gracefully down the corridor, her ethereal form casting a faint glow.

"What's going on, Darla?" Mana inquired as she encountered the ship's chef.

"Mana-sama, it's Mathilda-sama. She's not eating anything. She said she was busy researching and told me not to disturb her," Darla explained, her concern evident.

Mana nodded thoughtfully. "That's not too unusual. Besides the girls, Alchemy is her true love."

"But she... she shouted at me," Darla added.

Mana raised an eyebrow. "She yelled at you? That's unusual. Mathilda rarely raises her voice at Girls. I'll go check on her."

With that, Mana phased effortlessly through the walls, entering Mathilda's Alchemy room—a privilege only she possessed on the ship.

"Mathilda... Mana's here," Mana announced as she floated into the room.

"What the—"

The sight that greeted her was unexpected. The cauldron in the center of the room was blazing brightly, casting flickering shadows around the room. Mathilda sat before it, drenched in sweat, her concentration intense.

Before Mana could say more, the cauldron erupted with a small explosion.

"Ah... failure," Mathilda sighed, her shoulders slumping in disappointment.

"What are you doing?" Mana asked, her tone a mix of concern and curiosity.

"Oh, Mana. I'm experimenting," Mathilda replied nonchalantly, as if this was the most normal thing in the world.

"But why?" Mana pressed.

"I'm an Alchemist. I'm always trying to create new pills and potions," Mathilda answered as though it were the most obvious thing.

"Not that. Why are you naked?" Mana clarified, her eyes widening as she took in Mathilda's unclothed, sweat-slicked form illuminated by the cauldron's fire, making the scene strangely mesmerizing.

"Oh... this?" Mathilda glanced down at herself. "My clothes got destroyed in the previous experiment, but don't worry, I'm totally fine." She gave a thumbs-up, grinning despite the situation.

Mana sighed, her exasperation clear. "First, go and eat something. Darla's worried about you."

"Oh, that masochist is just waiting to get bullied again?" Mathilda replied with a mischievous grin.

Mana blinked. "She's an M?"

"Yeah... She's always waiting for our captain to push her down. Our captain already noticed. She also likes it when I bully her, but I don't enjoy it as much when she moans Tyler's name while I'm the one doing the bullying. She's not exactly normal," Mathilda sighed, shaking her head.

'Like you're any better,' Mana thought.

Tyler turned his gaze to the horizon, where dark clouds loomed, heavy with rain and crackling with distant thunder. It was the sight of this approaching storm that had prompted them to take a break, waiting for the worst of it to pass before continuing their journey.

"Yup, I'm ready," Lily called out, snapping Tyler back to attention.

They were in the middle of the sea, with Tyler standing on a platform of ice he had created beneath him. The cold surface held steady under his weight, a testament to his control over the elements. Lily, on the other hand, was balancing gracefully on a flying sword, her eyes locked on Tyler as she prepared for the next round.

"Now, hit me," she challenged, her voice steady.

Without hesitation, Tyler threw the trident with precision. The magical weapon soared through the air, its projection heading straight for Lily. She easily dodged it, moving fluidly to the side as the projection streaked past her and dissipated into the ocean.

"Too slow, Tyler," Lily teased, a playful smirk tugging at her lips.

Tyler adjusted his stance and hurled the trident again. This time, he tried varying the speed and trajectory, but Lily continued to evade the attacks effortlessly, twisting and twirling on her flying sword.

as if she were dancing. Each time the trident's projection came close, she shifted out of the way with a grace that made the entire exercise look easy.

They continued like this for some time, Tyler refining his aim and speed with each throw, while Lily remained elusive, never staying still long enough to be caught. The training session was intense, the air around them charged with the energy of their sparring.

After a while, Tyler, feeling the strain in his arms, let out a sigh of exhaustion and collapsed onto the ice to rest. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath. Lily, who had gracefully landed beside him, sat down as well, her expression thoughtful.

"You have a good throwing arm, Tyler," she complimented, her tone sincere. "But you should really consider learning some trident arts for close combat. I've never seen you use anything other than your fists in a fight."

Tyler chuckled, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I don't know if that'll work for me."

"Why not?" she asked, turning to look at him with a curious tilt of her head.

"Well," Tyler began, a bit sheepishly, "I just really suck with swords, blades, or even spears. It's like my body just doesn't know how to use them."

Lily narrowed her eyes at him, suspicion creeping into her gaze. "That doesn't sound right. Let's test that theory."

A few minutes later, Tyler found himself holding a spear, its weight unfamiliar in his hand.

"Why?" he asked, somewhat exasperated.

"Because," Lily said with a determined look, "a trident is just a type of halberd, and a halberd is similar to a spear. It's all connected. Let's give it a try."

Tyler sighed but went along with it, raising the spear. Lily took a step forward and demonstrated a simple slash.

"Easy enough," Tyler said, mimicking her move with surprising ease.

"Good. Now this," Lily instructed, stepping forward and thrusting the spear in a direct poke. Tyler copied her motion, again executing it without issue.

"See? Not so bad," Lily said, nodding approvingly.

But then, without warning, Lily spun the spear rapidly in her hands, the weapon becoming a blur as she performed a complex and advanced manoeuvre. She ended with a dramatic pose, her spear held aloft with a confident grin.

Tyler stared at her, flabbergasted. "What the heck? Why did you skip so many steps and jump straight into advanced training?"

Lily just shrugged, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "I figured you could handle it."

Tyler sighed and reluctantly tried to copy her move. He spun the spear once, but lost control, the weapon slipping from his grasp. In a blur of awkward motion, Tyler's foot tangled with the spear, sending him crashing face-first onto the ice. The spear, in a cruel twist of fate, poked him right in the butt as he fell.

There, in the middle of the sea on an icy platform, Tyler lay sprawled in a ridiculous pose, with a spear sticking out of his behind. Lily stood over him, holding her own spear, her expression a mix of amusement and exasperation.

"Maybe we'll stick to throwing practice for now," Lily said, trying to suppress her laughter as Tyler groaned in embarrassment.

"Oh, the storm seems to be calming down a bit," Tyler observed, watching as the dark clouds began to thin and the heavy rain reduced to a light drizzle. The distant rumble of thunder was fading, leaving behind only the soft sound of waves lapping against the ship.

"Hmm... our ship can handle that weather now," Lily said, her eyes scanning the horizon with a calm confidence. "Let's set sail again. Once we get past that, we'll be on course to reach Rich Berg Island by morning."

With that, the ship's advanced arrays hummed to life, and it began to glide smoothly across the water, leaving the remnants of the storm behind.

The journey to Rich Berg Island had resumed.

Chapter 145: Don't unlock this Chapter....

Tyler, standing on his boat, hurled the trident with precision. The weapon shot through the air, aimed at a small bark floating on the sea's surface.

The remarkable thing was that the trident never left Tyler's hand. Instead, a magical projection of it streaked across the water, striking the bark dead centre.

"I wonder what kind of mechanism this is," Lily Gomes mused, her curiosity piqued. She took the trident from Tyler and, without much thought, casually tossed it down on the ship's deck.

thunk, A loud crack echoed as the trident embedded itself into the ship's wooden surface, causing a small fracture to appear.

"Don't damage the ship," Tyler chided, eyeing the small fissure with concern.

"Hey... If you guys want to practice, do it on the sea, not on the ship!" Mana suddenly appeared out of thin air, her tone sharp as she reprimanded them.

"Yes, ma'am," Tyler and Lily responded in unison, snapping to attention with mock salutes.

The ship had come to a halt in the middle of the ocean, an unusual feat given the circumstances. Normally, a ship of this size couldn't stop so abruptly in the open sea, as the anchor would never reach the ocean floor. However, their vessel was no ordinary ship. It was equipped with advanced arrays that allowed it to defy conventional maritime practices, keeping it stationary even in the vast depths.

Inside the ship, Mana floated gracefully down the corridor, her ethereal form casting a faint glow.

"What's going on, Darla?" Mana inquired as she encountered the ship's chef.

"Mana-sama, it's Mathilda-sama. She's not eating anything. She said she was busy researching and told me not to disturb her," Darla explained, her concern evident.

Mana nodded thoughtfully. "That's not too unusual. Besides the girls, Alchemy is her true love."

"But she... she shouted at me," Darla added.

Mana raised an eyebrow. "She yelled at you? That's unusual. Mathilda rarely raises her voice at Girls. I'll go check on her."

With that, Mana phased effortlessly through the walls, entering Mathilda's Alchemy room—a privilege only she possessed on the ship.

"Mathilda... Mana's here," Mana announced as she floated into the room.

"What the—"

The sight that greeted her was unexpected. The cauldron in the center of the room was blazing brightly, casting flickering shadows around the room. Mathilda sat before it, drenched in sweat, her concentration intense.

Before Mana could say more, the cauldron erupted with a small explosion.

"Ah... failure," Mathilda sighed, her shoulders slumping in disappointment.

"What are you doing?" Mana asked, her tone a mix of concern and curiosity.

"Oh, Mana. I'm experimenting," Mathilda replied nonchalantly, as if this was the most normal thing in the world.

"But why?" Mana pressed.

"I'm an Alchemist. I'm always trying to create new pills and potions," Mathilda answered as though it were the most obvious thing.

"Not that. Why are you naked?" Mana clarified, her eyes widening as she took in Mathilda's unclothed, sweat-slicked form illuminated by the cauldron's fire, making the scene strangely mesmerizing.

"Oh... this?" Mathilda glanced down at herself. "My clothes got destroyed in the previous experiment, but don't worry, I'm totally fine." She gave a thumbs-up, grinning despite the situation.

Mana sighed, her exasperation clear. "First, go and eat something. Darla's worried about you."

"Oh, that masochist is just waiting to get bullied again?" Mathilda replied with a mischievous grin.

Mana blinked. "She's an M?"

"Yeah... She's always waiting for our captain to push her down. Our captain already noticed. She also likes it when I bully her, but I don't enjoy it as much when she moans Tyler's name while I'm the one doing the bullying. She's not exactly normal," Mathilda sighed, shaking her head.

'Like you're any better,' Mana thought.

Tyler turned his gaze to the horizon, where dark clouds loomed, heavy with rain and crackling with distant thunder. It was the sight of this approaching storm that had prompted them to take a break, waiting for the worst of it to pass before continuing their journey.

"Yup, I'm ready," Lily called out, snapping Tyler back to attention.

They were in the middle of the sea, with Tyler standing on a platform of ice he had created beneath him. The cold surface held steady under his weight, a testament to his control over the elements. Lily, on the other hand, was balancing gracefully on a flying sword, her eyes locked on Tyler as she prepared for the next round.

"Now, hit me," she challenged, her voice steady.

Without hesitation, Tyler threw the trident with precision. The magical weapon soared through the air, its projection heading straight for Lily. She easily dodged it, moving fluidly to the side as the projection streaked past her and dissipated into the ocean.

"Too slow, Tyler," Lily teased, a playful smirk tugging at her lips.

Tyler adjusted his stance and hurled the trident again. This time, he tried varying the speed and trajectory, but Lily continued to evade the attacks effortlessly, twisting and twirling on her flying sword as if she were dancing. Each time the trident's projection came close, she shifted out of the way with a grace that made the entire exercise look easy.

They continued like this for some time, Tyler refining his aim and speed with each throw, while Lily remained elusive, never staying still long enough to be caught. The training session was intense, the air around them charged with the energy of their sparring.

After a while, Tyler, feeling the strain in his arms, let out a sigh of exhaustion and collapsed onto the ice to rest. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath. Lily, who had gracefully landed beside him, sat down as well, her expression thoughtful.

"You have a good throwing arm, Tyler," she complimented, her tone sincere. "But you should really consider learning some trident arts for close combat. I've never seen you use anything other than your fists in a fight."

Tyler chuckled, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I don't know if that'll work for me."

"Why not?" she asked, turning to look at him with a curious tilt of her head.

"Well," Tyler began, a bit sheepishly, "I just really suck with swords, blades, or even spears. It's like my body just doesn't know how to use them."

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