

R Cultivator 201

Chapter 201: Arriving at Ixalaria Continent

The room hummed with the subtle sound of machinery as the guard, dressed in a blue uniform, leaned against the wall, casually tearing open a packet of chips. His eyes scanned the half-filled bag as he munched away, shaking his head in mild disbelief. "How is this company still running?" he muttered. "It's like 75% air."

His partner, standing nearby and adjusting his belt, glanced over. "Break time's over, man. Go and receive the travelers," he reminded, giving a nod toward the door labeled Teleportation Room No. 42.

The guard sighed, crumpling the empty bag and tossing it toward the trash can. He missed, of course, and muttered something under his breath before heading toward the door. The trash can detected the trash and pulled the trash inside. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a pair of sleek black glasses, sliding them onto his face just as he stepped into the room. There, a man with imposing black wings was casually seated, tapping away at a device in his hand, clearly uninterested in the guard's presence.

The teleportation array rooms were a marvel of both ancient runes and futuristic technology, seamlessly blending tradition with modern advancements. Each room, circular in design, was vast, resembling a stadium more than a simple chamber. At the center, a massive teleportation array pulsed with glowing inscriptions carved into metallic floors. The pillars surrounding the array shimmered with energy, engraved with countless encryption arrays to safeguard against unauthorized access.

The walls were lined with advanced monitoring devices, displaying real-time data on the teleportation coordinates, energy fluctuations, and incoming or outgoing travelers. Dim, soft blue lights illuminated the room, creating a calm yet otherworldly atmosphere. Above the array, suspended platforms housed additional control units operated by highly trained technicians, ensuring every teleportation process was smooth and secure.

The air hummed with latent energy as the array activated, bathing the room in a brilliant light whenever a teleportation was initiated. Large glass windows allowed officials to observe the room while maintaining a clear line of sight to the incoming travelers, ensuring security protocols were met. The entire setup gave the teleportation room an air of both mystery and technological precision, a gateway to distant lands.

The lights flickered for a brief moment. The man with the black wings glanced up, his thick black glasses already in place, focusing his gaze on the Teleportation Array. The room hummed louder as the array's

pillars began to glow, shimmering with a blinding light that filled the entire space. The brilliant display of energy made it feel as though the very air was charged with power.

"Aaah... I feel dizzy," came the first groan.

"Mode Dragon," someone muttered.

"Heal, heal...," another voice, more serious, chimed in.

"I think I'm going to vomit," yet another voice added.

There were various other sounds of disorientation, including a meow from Zuzia, whose feline-like reflexes helped her land softly on her paws despite the dizzying light show.

As the glow subsided, the figures of Tyler, Lily, Astrid, Mathilda, Darla, Silvia, and Zuzia gradually came into view, each one reacting differently to the teleportation process.

The guard adjusted his glasses, looking over the group with a practiced smile. "Welcome to Velkryna. You might feel a little dizzy at first, but don't panic. Just walk this way, and if you feel too uncomfortable, be sure to let me know," he instructed, his tone professional but with an undertone of repetition, as though he had given this same speech a hundred times before.

Velkryna is the name of the country.

However, as the dizziness wore off and the group straightened themselves out, the guard's expression shifted slightly when he got a closer look. He blinked, muttering under his breath, "Huh... kids? Without any guardians?"

Tyler and the others took a moment to get their bearings. The room they found themselves in wasn't just any room—it was enormous, resembling a massive indoor stadium more than a teleportation hub. The ceiling stretched far overhead, and metallic walls gleamed with an almost futuristic sheen. Tyler's eyes focused immediately on the Teleportation Array they had just used. It had similar pillars to those on Cedar Island, but here the array was made entirely of metal, giving off a sleek, advanced appearance.

Every inch of the array was inscribed with intricate runes and symbols, some of which were completely unfamiliar even to Tyler.

"Something definitely went wrong," Tyler muttered, his brows furrowed. "I think we accidentally time-traveled."

Lily nudged him, stifling a laugh. "Or maybe," she whispered, "the Ixalaria Continent is just way more advanced than we thought."

Before they could ponder any further, a new voice broke through their thoughts. The man with the black wings, now standing and folding his device away, approached the group. "Welcome to Ixalaria. The technology here might feel a bit overwhelming if you're from the more rural parts, but trust me, you won't want to leave once you get used to it," he said with a confident smile. "Now, if you're feeling steady on your feet, please move over to the inspection area for processing."

"Inspection?" Tyler asked, his eyes narrowing slightly. "What kind of inspection?"

"Nothing too serious," the winged man assured him. "Just a quick formality. You'll need to write down your details—where you're from, what business you have here, that sort of thing. If you've got something to prove your identity, it'll speed things up a lot."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Something to prove our identity? Like what?"

The man with black wings sighed internally, already bracing himself for the response. "Something like a citizenship card, an adventurer's guild card, a student ID if you're from an academy, or even a sect token."

The guard glanced over the group, his earlier suspicion growing as they clearly looked unfamiliar with the process. "Huh, country bumpkins..." he thought quietly to himself.

Tyler, however, wasn't fazed. "What about a bank card from the Bank of Atlantis?" he asked casually.

The guard's demeanor shifted slightly, from suspicion to curiosity. "That would do just fine," the man with black wings replied. "In fact, that would make things a lot easier."

Without further hesitation, Tyler collected a series of bank cards from the girls and handed them over. The man's eyes widened as his hand froze mid-air, staring at the cards as if they were burning hot.

"Queen cards... and King cards..." the man whispered in shock. It wasn't often that he saw these cards—especially not in the hands of kids. Queen cards were only issued to those with an account balance over a hundred million, and King cards were reserved for those with millions. The fact that Tyler was handling five of them, including one Queen card, was unfathomable.

Darla, on the other hand, handed over a normal bank card. She blinked in quiet realization, her hand faltering as the gap between her and Tyler became starkly apparent.

The man with black wings quickly recovered, straightening his posture as he addressed the group with newfound deference. "Please, right this way, sir," he said, his tone shifting to one of respect.

As they were led through the inspection area, Silvia, who had been marveling at the advanced technology, paused in front of what appeared to be an automatic trash can. "Wow, look at this! It opens automatically," she said in awe.

Tyler raised an eyebrow and glanced at the object. "That's just a trash can," he deadpanned.

Silvia flushed, embarrassed. "How did you know?"

"It's written on the top," he replied, pointing at the label, which clearly read Trash Disposal Unit in bold letters.

Once they completed the formalities, Tyler and the group stepped outside the teleportation facility. The building itself was massive, with multiple teleportation rooms branching off in various directions, but it was nothing compared to what awaited them outside.

"Wow..." The collective exclamation came from everyone at once as they looked up.

The sky above was filled with a dazzling array of flying vehicles, each one sleek and aerodynamic. Different types of hover cars zipped by, with yellow taxis darting through the air, emblazoned with glowing Taxi signs that flickered in the bright daylight. Some cars were small and personal, while others were large enough to transport entire groups of people.

Suddenly, a swarm of yellow flying taxis descended toward them. Each one landed gracefully, and a group of men and women, all dressed in crisp uniforms, stepped out. They were clearly elite, their powerful auras unmistakable as they approached.

"Take our taxi!" one of the drivers called out, trying to catch the attention of Tyler and the others.
"Where are your guardians, kids?"

Tyler and his crew exchanged glances, a brief look of amusement passing between them. Despite their youthful appearances, it was clear that they were far more than the simple children these drivers assumed them to be. However, it seemed like it was going to take a bit of time for them to fully adjust to the stark contrast between this technologically advanced continent and the more traditional lands they had left behind.

Chapter 202: Shopping

The first thing Tyler and the others noticed upon entering the Ixalaria Continent was the overwhelming abundance of energy in the air. Unlike other regions, where practitioners could easily manipulate the natural energy around them, the Source Energy here was complex. It wasn't a pure form of energy like Aura or Prana. Instead, it was a potent mixture that also contained impurities, making it impossible to extract directly. Despite this, the sheer volume of Source Energy made the entire northern side of the continent uninhabitable for ordinary mortals. Only Immortal Practitioners, those who had transcended the limitations of mortality, could survive and thrive in these areas. Even the taxi drivers were Elite Level Warriors or Mages, their power far surpassing the ordinary practitioners Tyler had encountered elsewhere.

As the flying taxi zoomed through the bustling city, Tyler found himself sandwiched between Mathilda and Silvia, who both peered eagerly out of the windows. They were captivated by the sheer scale and beauty of the city, as vibrant and alive as it was steeped in mystical power. Astrid sat in the center of the backseat, Zuzia curled up in her lap, fast asleep. Lily was seated by the opposite window, gazing out with a mix of curiosity and intrigue.

"Huh... We could have just booked more taxis," Tyler muttered, feeling a little cramped between the excited girls.

"Nooo..." they all responded in unison, laughing. They clearly enjoyed being together in the same car and were not about to miss out on the shared experience.

The city they passed through was a fascinating blend of modern technology and ancient structures. Tall buildings of glass and metal stretched toward the sky, while down below, beautiful Ginkgo trees lined the streets, their golden leaves creating a stunning yellow canopy. The trees looked so out of place amidst the modern buildings, yet they blended seamlessly with the vibrant energy of the place. Tyler marveled at the contrast, taking in the cars zooming on the roads below, as well as the flying vehicles that zipped through the air above them.

The driver, a middle-aged man with the aura of an Elite Level Warrior, chatted amicably about the city as he guided the taxi toward their destination. "This city, Velkryna, is one of the most advanced in Ixalaria," he said, his voice calm but proud. "We've got some of the finest shops, inns, and training grounds for practitioners. A lot of the buildings may look ancient, but don't let that fool you. The materials we use last centuries, and with most of us having long lifespans, there's no rush to tear them down and rebuild. Tradition and modernity live side by side here."

Tyler nodded as he listened, gazing out at the roads below. Though they were flying, he noticed plenty of vehicles driving on the ground as well. "It seems like those rides are even cheaper," he observed.

The driver chuckled. "Oh, definitely. Ground taxis are more affordable, but when you're Immortal Practitioner, time is more valuable than money. Flying cars save a lot of time, especially in a big city like this."

Their first stop was to rent an inn. Despite the city's technological advancements, there were still plenty of old structures, relics of the past that had withstood the test of time. The inn they arrived at was one of the most prestigious in the city. From the outside, it looked like a mountain covered in caves, but the moment they entered, it was clear this was no ordinary inn. Each cave led to a lavish suite, equipped with comfortable beds, modern lighting, refrigerators, and all the conveniences one would expect in a luxury hotel.

Tyler whistled in appreciation. "Not bad," he muttered, impressed by the contrast between the exterior's primitive aesthetic and the interior's cutting-edge technology.

As they were about to part ways to settle into their rooms, Lily leaned in close and whispered, "Don't try to dismantle these things."

Tyler blinked at her, a mock expression of hurt on his face. "Do I look like the kind of person who'd do that?"

Lily didn't answer verbally. Instead, she pointed at his hands. Tyler followed her gaze and realized he was already holding a small light bulb that he had absentmindedly opened up to examine.

"Ah," he laughed hollowly, "well, you know, just a little curiosity."

Lily rolled her eyes and left for her room, leaving Tyler standing there. He shook his head and sighed. "Can't help it," he muttered to himself. His curiosity was insatiable. After all, understanding the mechanisms behind technology and artifacts was a part of who he was. He quickly retrieved his copper pot, activating its ability to copy the bulb. After copying the design, he opened the bulb to inspect it further.

His desire to disassemble and study didn't stop there, either. He was dying to take apart the refrigerator and other modern appliances in the room. However, when he tried to place one of the items in his storage tool, he received a warning that the inn's anti-theft array would activate if the item left the room. He sighed, grudgingly putting the item back where he found it. "Guess I'll just have to admire these things without taking them apart," he muttered.

After a day of rest, Tyler and the others rented another taxi and headed out to explore the city. Their first major destination: a renowned clothing store. While Tyler simply grabbed a few casual outfits, the girls took their time, immersing themselves in the vast selection of fashionable clothes available. Hours passed as they tried on different outfits, each one more stunning than the last. The entire store seemed to buzz with their excitement as they examined themselves in the mirrors, giggling and posing.

Each girl had a style that suited her perfectly. Lily chose a vibrant yellow dress that hugged her figure, giving her a radiant, summery look. Mathilda, ever the picture of elegance, selected a green ensemble that made her look both powerful and graceful. Silvia went for a striking golden outfit, her confidence shining through as the fabric shimmered under the store lights. Astrid opted for a soft pink dress that matched her angelic beauty, her smile lighting up the room as she twirled in front of the mirror. Even

Zuzia, who had taken on her humanoid form for the occasion, dressed up in sleek black attire, looking sharp and mysterious.

When Tyler saw them all together, his jaw dropped slightly. "You all look amazing," he said honestly.

"Of course we do," Lily smirked. "Did you expect anything less?"

After several more hours of shopping, the group finally left the store, their spirits high and their arms loaded with bags. Tyler, of course, was carrying a few himself, much to his chagrin.

"You know, we have storage items," he pointed out with a raised eyebrow. "We don't have to carry everything."

"Where's the fun in that?" Mathilda grinned. "It's not shopping unless you leave the store with an armful of bags."

"But why is it always me?" Tyler sighed. He wished he had more tentacles like Taka.

He suddenly sensed something and glanced to the left. A girl with pink cat ears and a pink tail was happily walking out of the store, chatting with her boyfriend. The boy had reindeer horns. Tyler had already seen other humanoid species—Silvia and Astrid, after all, were a half-angel and an Elf, respectively—so he wasn't surprised. What did surprise him, however, was that the reindeer guy had vines extending from his pocket, carrying all the shopping bags behind him.

"Aw... If only I could do that..." Tyler sighed.

The reindeer guy looked at Tyler, burdened with shopping bags, then at the girls surrounding him. He gave Tyler an encouraging look before walking away. Tyler let out a small smile.

"What was that?" Lily, who noticed that small exchange, asked.

"That's a guy thing. You wouldn't understand," Tyler replied.

They spent the rest of the afternoon exploring more of the city, stopping at food stalls, watching street performers, and soaking in the vibrant atmosphere of Velkryna. Everywhere they looked, there was something new to see—ancient-looking temples standing side by side with towering skyscrapers, flying vehicles darting through the air, and vendors selling mystical artifacts alongside cutting-edge technology.

Tyler couldn't help but marvel at how seamlessly tradition and progress coexisted here. The blending of modern conveniences with the spiritual and mystical elements of the world made Ixalaria feel like a realm where anything was possible.

As they rode back to the inn in another taxi that evening, tired but happy from their day of exploration, Tyler leaned back in his seat, gazing out at the golden sunset over the city. "I think I could get used to this place," he said softly.

Mathilda, seated next to him, nudged him playfully. "Good, because I don't think we're leaving anytime soon. I meant the continent"

Tyler smiled. He wasn't in any rush to leave either. There is still academy to attend.

Chapter 203: Playing with Spare parts or Maidens Hearts

Lily woke up early and stretched lazily, her eyes still half-closed as she made her way to the bathroom. After a quick bath, she got dressed and left her room, making her way towards a small, lonely cave just outside their inn. This was where Tyler had set up his latest 'workshop.' She sighed at the thought, already imagining the mess she'd find.

When she reached the cave, she noticed a small number pad next to the door. She punched in the code Tyler had given her. The door clicked open, and immediately, a cloud of black smoke billowed out to greet her.

cough

"What did you explode this time?" Lily asked as she stepped inside, coughing a little and waving the smoke from her face.

Tyler, who stood in the middle of the cave with his face covered in soot, turned around with a wide grin. His goggles were perched on his head, and his hands were covered in grease. The cave floor was littered with disassembled parts from a refrigerator and an air conditioner.

"Oh, hey! I dismantled it and reassembled it!" Tyler said proudly, gesturing to a refrigerator that he had somehow fused with air conditioner parts.

Lily took a cautious step back, narrowing her eyes. "I'm not standing anywhere near that thing when you turn it on."

Tyler gave her a hurt look. "You should trust me, girl."

Lily raised an eyebrow. "I'd rather trust a turtle in a rabbit race," she retorted, eyeing the strange contraption in front of her. "And are those extra parts from the air conditioner on the floor? You didn't fix it properly, did you?"

Tyler waved a hand dismissively. "Ah, don't worry, those are just... extras. I added some air conditioner parts to make the fridge work even better!"

Lily didn't seem convinced. "Tyler, that's not how this stuff works."

He ignored her and beamed confidently as he grabbed a remote. "Just watch. This baby's gonna work like a charm."

As he pressed the button, Lily slowly edged to the other side of the room, pulling out a shield charm and activating it. Tyler noticed her movement and his eye twitched in mild annoyance.

Seconds passed. The machine began to hum, and for a moment, it seemed like it might actually work. Then, there was a sudden sound.

Vroom *Vroom*

"Is that a car engine?" Lily asked, her eyes narrowing.

Before Tyler could respond, the familiar sound of circuits frying filled the air. Boom, boom. The refrigerator sputtered, overheated, and promptly exploded in a puff of black smoke, scattering debris across the cave.

Boom!

The force of the explosion knocked a few pieces of metal off the shelves, leaving the cave filled with thick, acrid smoke. Tyler coughed and waved his hands in front of his face, his pride now reduced to a pile of burnt components on the floor.

Lily peeked out from behind her shield, already shaking her head. "I told you," she said flatly.

Tyler coughed again, rubbing the back of his neck. "Well... maybe I overestimated how compatible the systems were..."

Lily crossed her arms, a slight smirk forming on her face. "Overestimated? You blew up a washing machine yesterday! How many more things are you going to destroy before you learn?"

Tyler gave her a sheepish grin, adjusting his soot-covered goggles. "Okay, okay, I might've gotten a little carried away. I just can't stop my impulse."

"Yeah Mr. Tyler, Either you play with Maidens Hearts or Machine Parts." Lily teased, kicking a piece of the charred refrigerator across the floor.

"I asked about the Elite Academy of Magic and Science. It's in another city. We have to get there in a week if we want to attend the entrance exam," Lily said, cutting straight to the point.

"Oh, right. I completely forgot... What's the fastest way to reach it?" Tyler asked, stretching a little as he remembered their plans.

"By car, train, or flying boat. But there's also a Teleportation Array, though it's pretty expensive," Lily explained.

"Teleportation Array, then," Tyler replied without hesitation.

"What's the name of the city?" he asked.

"It's called Dusk City," Lily answered, before adding with a frown, "But there's a catch. The Elite Academy of Magic and Science has a reputation for being the worst among all the academies."

Tyler chuckled, leaning back against the wall. "I know. That's probably why they're so desperate to get us to join. But the Head of Department and that Hawk girl promised me their unique Teleportation Array that no one else has. I'll check it out and see if it's worth it before deciding."

Lily shrugged. "Well, I don't really care. I'll just follow you, whatever you choose."

Tyler raised an eyebrow, smirking as he leaned closer. "Huh... You're talking like you're my little lover."

Lily took a step forward, closing the gap between them. She gently touched his face, wiping the black soot from his cheek with a slow, deliberate motion. Her eyes met his, and she spoke softly. "Maybe I am..."

For once, Tyler was the one caught off guard. His usual teasing expression faltered as Lily's words sank in. She nodded in satisfaction, clearly pleased with his reaction, and turned to leave.

"Oh, and one more thing... Don't blow up anything else before we go. We're leaving tomorrow," she said over her shoulder, disappearing out the door.

Tyler stood there for a moment, still processing the sudden turn of events. He rubbed the spot on his face where she'd touched him, a grin slowly creeping back onto his face.

He crouched down and began picking up the scattered parts of the refrigerator, inspecting each piece to see if anything was salvageable.

His mind, however, kept wandering back to the conversation they'd just had about the Elite Academy of Magic and Science.

Dusk City.

The Academy had a reputation for being the worst, but Tyler wasn't the kind to be swayed by rumors. In his experience, there was always more to a story than what people on the outside knew

"Hawk did mentioned that their academy used to be on the Top once..." Tyler murmured.

As Tyler was preparing to join the academy, unaware of the forces that were converging around him, far to the north, a group of powerful Immortal Practitioners kneeled before a towering stone throne. Each of them, individuals nearing the final step toward true immortality, radiated an immense aura that could shake the heavens. Yet here they were, humbled before the figure sitting calmly on the throne.

The man seated on the stone throne was Immortal Feng, a once-proud figure now consumed with bitterness. His sharp features were hard, and his eyes glowed with an intensity that could burn through stone. In his hand, he clutched an aged, crumpled picture of a man in his middle-aged form. It was none other than Tyler White-the one responsible for Feng's current state of humiliation.

"Immortal Feng," one of the practitioners said cautiously, his voice trembling as he addressed his superior. "We have searched the northern regions for more than five years, but there has been no trace of him. Perhaps... perhaps he's in the southern territories."

Feng's hand clenched around the picture, the force of his grip causing the brittle edges to crackle. His hatred for Tyler had festered like an open wound, growing deeper with every year that passed. The thought of Tyler roaming freely, flourishing with his unnatural luck, only fueled his anger.

"Find him," Feng commanded, his voice eerily calm, though the deadly intent was unmistakable. "I want to stomp him beneath my feet before I kill him."

The room felt as though it dropped several degrees in temperature. The Immortal Practitioners, all hardened warriors who had faced countless battles, shuddered at Feng's words. Without another word, they quickly vanished, each using their profound abilities to search for Tyler.

After they were gone, Feng turned his gaze toward the far north, his eyes narrowing as he contemplated what lay ahead. The air around him grew still as if the entire world was holding its breath.

"Eternity," he muttered, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "After I deal with this devil spawn, I'll claim that power for myself."

Chapter 204: Dusk City

Dusk City stood in stark contrast to the vibrant, bustling City Tyler and his crew had just left behind. The city below appeared in shades of gray and muted tones, as if the very air was laden with a sense of melancholy. The streets, though wide and well-maintained, lacked the color and life of other cities. Buildings loomed tall, constructed with dark stone and iron, their facades weathered by time. This place felt old, much older than its modern elements suggested.

On the outskirts of the city loomed an enormous structure: an amusement park, but one that seemed frozen in time. Stretching over several blocks, it had once been a place of joy and excitement. Now, it was a ghost of its former self. The once-bright rides stood still, their colors faded by years of neglect. The Ferris wheel, which should have towered proudly above the park, was now a rusted, lifeless frame. A roller coaster with broken tracks lay dormant, vines slowly creeping over its supports. The sense of abandonment hung thick in the air.

The economy in Dusk City started declining, they couldn't afford to maintain the park. It fell into disrepair, and now it just sits there, unused.

Near the old amusement park there is a Teleportation Hub. Like the rest of the city, the Teleportation Hub looked old and somewhat rundown. The dark stone and metallic structures made it blend in with its surroundings.

The tiles on the floor were chipped, and the air smelled faintly of dust and machinery. The main room had several large teleportation arrays on the floor, encased in rusted metal frames. At the far end of the room, an old dwarf with spectacles sat behind a cluttered desk. He was slumped over, snoring lightly, clearly in no rush.

Beep beep

"Hmm?" The dwarf stirred awake at their approach, blinking blearily. He adjusted his spectacles, then reached into a drawer to pull out a smaller pair of black lenses, which he clipped onto the larger ones.

The dwarf behind the counter scowled as he glanced at the monitor in front of him. "Got a signal coming through..." he muttered, his voice gravelly from years of use. He hit a few buttons on the ancient-looking control panel, and the room rumbled to life.

A group of kids with furry ears and tails ran across the room, squealing and laughing as they chased each other around the unused arrays. The dwarf growled, his face darkening.

"Out! Out, you rascals!" He waved a wrinkled hand at them, chasing them from the room. The kids scrambled out the door, giggling as they disappeared down the street.

Once the room was quiet again, the dwarf turned back to the console. "Always causing trouble, those brats. No respect for the station," he grumbled before focusing on the monitor.

The dwarf gave a brief grunt before pulling a lever on the console. A soft hum filled the room, and one of the teleportation arrays on the floor began to glow. Light swirled in a circular pattern, and faint energy crackled in the air. The hum of the array grew louder, and the light intensified until it filled the room with a soft, pulsing glow. With a sudden flash, Tyler and his group felt a familiar tug, and within seconds, they arrived to their destination—Dusk City.

"Finally, we arrived," Tyler said, stepping out of the glowing light of the teleportation array and dusting off his coat.

"Why is everything so dusty? Is this Dusk City or Dust City?" Lily asked, glancing around the Teleportation Hub with a skeptical look.

The old dwarf behind the counter gave a dry chuckle, his gravelly voice following them out. "Welcome to Dust cit—I mean, Dusk City," he said, his mouth twitching with the faintest hint of a smirk.

"Did he just say Dust City?" Lily whispered to Tyler, her eyes narrowing.

"He almost did," Tyler whispered back, unable to hide his amusement.

Tyler cleared his throat and addressed the dwarf. "We're here to join the Elite Academy of Magic and Science."

The dwarf raised an eyebrow at them over the top of his spectacles, looking a bit surprised. "Oh... that academy. The city used to be bustling, and many students from all over the world studied there. Huh... never imagined there were still people out there wanting to join." He adjusted his spectacles, eyeing them curiously.

The mention of "people" clearly included every race, not just humans. Dusk City, despite its faded glory, had always been a melting pot of different species, cultures, and practices. Even the old dwarf himself, with his long beard and stout frame, was a part of that once-diverse population.

For a moment, the dwarf had a nostalgic look in his eyes, as though he were reliving the past glory of the city. Then, he glanced at his watch, snapping back to the present. "Take the tram," he said, pointing toward the exit. "It'll pass through the road any minute now. It'll take you to the Academy."

Tyler and the others thanked him and left the hub, stepping onto the gray, dimly lit streets of Dusk City.

As they walked toward the tram stop, the air seemed to grow heavier. Buildings lined the streets like silent sentinels, their facades crumbling but somehow still standing. It was a city of whispers, of memories clinging to the stones and shadows that filled every corner.

The tram rattled as it passed by without fully stopping. Tyler and his crew, quick on their feet, jumped in, boarding the tram with ease. Once inside, Tyler's eyes lit up as he glanced around the interior.

"There's no driver? Is this automatic, self-driving?" Tyler said, his voice filled with excitement as he scanned the controls, clearly already plotting something in his mind.

"Don't you dare dismantle it," Lily said seriously, giving him a sharp look.

Tyler shrugged, but the gears in his head were clearly turning.

Meanwhile, Zuzia, sitting on Astrid's shoulder, looked around curiously, her small eyes wide as she took in the city outside. Mathilda was busy teasing Darla, laughing as she pointed out a poster of some Dusk City event long past.

As the tram moved through the faded streets of Dusk City, the sky above remained a dull gray, the buildings around them casting long shadows. But suddenly, Tyler felt something strange—like a pulse from the sky itself. His head snapped up, eyes narrowing as he peered outside, sensing something powerful approaching.

"What happened?" Lily asked, noticing his sudden shift.

A golden light shot down from the sky, entering his body in a flash. Tyler's eyes widened as his entire body tensed, his breath catching in his throat. The golden light seemed to pierce through him, flooding his veins with energy too intense to bear. His consciousness wavered, and he collapsed onto the tram floor.

Meanwhile, in another galaxy far from the Boundless World, an elderly man sat alone, playing a quiet game of chess. His eyes, sharp yet serene, flicked from piece to piece, each move calculated with a precision that came only from centuries of mastery. This was no ordinary chess game—each piece on the board represented a living being, their fates intertwined with the moves he made.

Suddenly, the old man paused, raising his head as though sensing a shift in the universe. His eyes glimmered with a deep understanding of the unseen forces at play. After a moment, he began making calculations in his mind, his thoughts moving faster than lightning.

"Hmm... a body with a thousand years of lifespan," he murmured, a satisfied smile spreading across his face. "Good. He somehow survived that Immortal and is now thriving in the Boundless World."

The old man reached out with his wrinkled hand and delicately picked up a chess piece that resembled Tyler. He studied it closely, his eyes gleaming with an ancient and dangerous knowledge. "A Great Dao Body... perfect for my disciple. Since the calamity is approaching, I will send you a tiny portion of my luck—just like before."

With a gentle motion, he pinched a small piece of golden light from the air. The light shimmered, radiant and ethereal, like a fragment of pure fortune itself. The elderly man pointed at the chess piece, and the golden light flowed into it, surrounding it with a protective aura.

Behind him, a young man stood silently, watching his master's actions with interest. The young man, dressed in elegant robes, was tall and lean, with eyes that sparkled with curiosity. He finally broke the silence. "Master, is that the body you've chosen for Senior Brother?"

The old man nodded, his eyes never leaving the chessboard. "Yes. He has the potential to become a powerful vessel. But unlike the Zi World, I cannot fully control his destiny in the Boundless World. His luck there is not solely mine to manipulate."

The young man frowned, his brow furrowing in concern. "Then... is it not risky to rely on him? What if he defies your will?"

A dark chuckle escaped the elder's lips. "He will have no choice. The more he uses the luck I provide, the deeper the karma debt he accrues. It is a debt he cannot escape from. In the end, he will have to give me everything—his body, his soul, and his very Samsara."

The young man's eyes widened slightly at the weight of his master's words.

Chapter 205: Ice cream tastes better with kisses

Tyler felt something strange—like a pulse from the sky itself. His head snapped up, eyes narrowing as he peered outside, sensing something powerful approaching.

"What happened?" Lily asked, noticing his sudden shift.

"Something is coming," Tyler said, looking at the sky.

"I don't see anything," Lily followed his gaze but saw only the endless stretch of clouds.

Before Tyler could respond, a golden light shot down from the sky, piercing through the clouds like a lance of pure energy. It entered his body in a flash. Tyler's eyes widened as his entire body tensed, his breath catching in his throat. The golden light seemed to flood his veins with energy, overwhelming him. His consciousness wavered, and before he knew it, his legs buckled. He collapsed onto the tram floor.

In that moment, something else appeared—a black-and-white grid of squares under him, only visible for a second before vanishing. It was so fleeting that anyone watching might have doubted they saw anything at all.

"Tyler!" Lily's voice was sharp, filled with concern as she rushed to his side, shaking his shoulder lightly. The others soon followed, surrounding him.

Tyler's eyes fluttered open a few minutes later, his body still feeling the residual tingle from the golden light. The worried faces of his crew came into focus. Lily, Mathilda, Darla, Astrid, and Zuzia were all leaning in, their expressions filled with anxiety.

"What... happened?" Mathilda asked, kneeling next to him.

"I'm fine," Tyler lied, sitting up slowly, though he felt anything but normal. "Something strange just happened. One of my abilities... it's been upgraded."

"Upgraded?" Lily asked, her eyes narrowing. She'd seen Tyler use his Chess Spell before, so she accepted his explanation. But still doubt lingered inside her.

Tyler shook his head, still trying to process it. "It was like a sudden burst of enlightenment. Like something clicked." He paused, rubbing his temples. Tyler felt like something that was missing has come back to him. He has guess on what it is.

The Girls gaze softened. It's normal for some Immortal Practitioners get enlightenment while observing random things. There are even some stories that some people died because of sudden enlightenment in a middle of the fight.

To test whether 'that' has returned. Tyler decided to experiment with something small. He leaned back, a sly smile playing on his lips. "Ahh... it would be nice if I could get some ice cream right now," he muttered casually.

Lily raised an eyebrow. "That's so random."

Before she could finish, Zuzia ears perked up the sound of something outside the tram. A twitch. Then, with lightning speed, a figure leapt from the side of the street and into the moving tram.

The figure was a humanoid rabbit with long ears that stood upright and twitched with every sound. He wore a set of mechanical gloves, and his eyes sparkled with mischief. "Did someone say ice cream?" the rabbit man asked, grinning widely.

He then rubbed his gloved hands together, and holographic projections of various ice cream flavors appeared above them. Tyler blinked, stunned.

Lily's eyes widened, "Lol... Talk about luck. An Ice Cream Seller was nearby."

Tyler didn't respond immediately, but his suspicion was confirmed. His abnormal luck had indeed returned. Lily doesn't know about his Abnormal Luck. This thing has saved him from an Immortal before.

Mathilda's face lit up. "Ice cream! I want that one!" she said, pointing to a matcha-flavored cone.

Darla, Astrid, and even Zuzia got excited as they each selected their favorite flavors from the holographic display. The rabbit man expertly gathered their orders, using his gloves to retrieve the real ice cream from a small storage device he carried. Darla paid him with her card—keeping things simple, so they wouldn't spook him by using their King Cards.

As they enjoyed their treats, Tyler couldn't help but test his Abnormal Luck further. This time, his thoughts were a little more mischievous. It would be nice if I could taste this ice cream from a girl's lips, he thought.

Out of nowhere, Mathilda, who had been quietly enjoying her matcha ice cream, suddenly coughed. "Ugh... the powder!" she grumbled, wiping her mouth.

Tyler's heart skipped a beat when he noticed her glance at him, a strange look in her eyes. She moved closer, and for a brief moment, he thought it was going to happen. His heart raced.

'Is she gonna kiss me?' Tyler thought nervously. He'd harbored thoughts about the girls in his crew before but had never acted on them.

Mathilda leaned in. Tyler tensed, his mind racing. But instead of kissing him, she took a bite out of his ice cream.

"Hey!" Tyler exclaimed, caught off guard.

Mathilda gave him a mischievous grin. "If you're not going to eat it, it'll get snatched," she teased, swapping her matcha ice cream with his.

Tyler blinked, feeling both relieved and slightly disappointed. His luck had certainly returned, but not quite in the way he'd imagined. "Heh... thanks," he muttered, taking a bite of the matcha cone.

As he finished the ice cream, another figure appeared in front of him. Zuzia, who turned into humonoid form with dragon horns and a tail, blinked at him with wide eyes, her gaze fixed on his now-empty hands.

Tyler sighed, smiling at her innocence. "Don't worry, Zuzia. I'll get you another one," he promised, patting her head gently.

Tyler was still processing the fact that Zuzia had suddenly leapt toward him when her lips met his. Her kiss was unexpected, and her small tongue darted over the corner of his mouth, licking away the remnants of the ice cream that had been there. Tyler felt a burst of cold and sweetness as her tongue slipped into his mouth, bringing with it a distinct flavor. His mind was overwhelmed with the odd mixture of surprise, confusion, and—strangely enough—the taste of various ice cream flavors blending on his tongue.

The entire tram seemed to freeze in that moment. Lily, Darla, Astrid, and Mathilda stared at the scene before them, eyes wide and jaws practically hitting the floor. Mathilda, always the first to break the tension, whistled playfully.

"Well, well, well... someone's getting all the attention," Mathilda said with a teasing grin, glancing at her own ice cream. Then an idea sparked in her eyes. With a mischievous smirk, she smeared a bit of her ice cream onto her lips and leaned forward. "Zuzia, look! I've got ice cream here too," she said, pointing to her mouth, fully expecting the little dragon girl to pounce on her next.

But just as quickly as Zuzia had kissed Tyler, she vanished in a blur of motion and reappeared on his lap. In her hand was Mathilda's ice cream. Tyler blinked, still trying to process what had just happened, when Zuzia gave the ice cream to him. He, in his dazed state, took a bite without thinking. And just like before, Zuzia leaned in again, her lips pressing against his, tasting the ice cream she had just fed him. Her small hands cupped his cheeks as she kissed him, her tail swaying happily behind her.

Tyler's mind raced. His senses were overloaded—sweetness, warmth, the gentle pressure of Zuzia's lips—everything was happening so fast. He could feel the eyes of the entire crew on him, but his body refused to react, frozen in place as Zuzia continued her odd, ice cream-flavored kiss.

"Hey! Not fair!" Mathilda pouted, leaning back in her seat with a dramatic huff. "I told you to kiss me too, Zuzia!"

Zuzia, still perched on Tyler's lap, tilted her head in confusion, her large dragon eyes blinking as she looked at Mathilda. She clearly didn't understand what the fuss was about. Instead of responding, she took another bite of the ice cream in her hand and offered the rest to Tyler once more, as if the exchange they had just shared was the most natural thing in the world.

Tyler finally found his voice. "Zuzia, wait—" he began, but before he could finish, she leaned in for another kiss, this time even more determined to share the taste of the ice cream with him.

Zuzia has only one thought, 'Ice Cream Tastes better with Kiss'

Mathilda, however, wasn't done yet. "Alright, fine! If Zuzia's going to keep hogging all the kisses, then I'll just help myself," she declared, standing up from her seat and leaning over Tyler, she grumbled "One way or another I will get Zuzia's kiss."

Tyler barely had time to react before Mathilda pressed her lips to his, making sure to rub the sticky, sweet ice cream onto him in the process. She pulled away after a moment, smirking.

"Indirect Kiss." Mathilda said as she made face to Zuzia. Zuzia again tilted her head with confusion.

'Are you trying to steal my ice cream?' Is what she thought.

Meanwhile, a girl who is flying in hoverboard closed her eyes and said inwardly, 'Shameless'.

"hmph, a playboy." She muttered. The girl has green skin and was blushing deep red. She flew away towards the direction of Academy.

The tram also continued to rumble forward toward Dusk City's Elite Academy of Magic and Science.

Author's Note: In this world, the age of dragons is calculated from when they were laid as eggs, not when they hatched.

So Zuzia is legal. Don't worry.