

R Cultivator 221

Chapter 221: Searching

The streets of Thane Town were quiet, with a few villagers and travelers passing by. He strolled aimlessly for a while, taking in the sights. After a while, he found himself near the Town Chief's office, a modest building tucked at the edge of the town square. He decided to get an early start on his assignment and walked inside.

The Lizard girl receptionist greeted him and directed him to the basement where the arrays were located. Descending the narrow staircase, Tyler noted the stale air and dim lighting. The room where the arrays were kept was small, filled with faintly glowing symbols carved into the stone floor. Some were faint or flickering, evidence that the arrays indeed needed replacement.

Tyler knelt down, inspecting the array closely. He activated a few of the diagnostic spells he'd learned at the academy, watching as the symbols lit up, revealing the extent of the damage. As he worked, he felt a sense of satisfaction—it was intricate work, demanding focus and patience, and he enjoyed the challenge.

Hours passed unnoticed until he heard footsteps approaching. Turning, he saw the Town Chief, a man with a graying beard and a stern expression.

"You must be the academy student here to replace the arrays," the chief said, nodding in approval as he watched Tyler work. "They've been unstable for a while, so we appreciate your help."

"Happy to help," Tyler replied, standing and stretching after crouching for so long. "These should be functional by the end of the day."

"Good to hear," the chief replied, a hint of relief in his voice. "That's fast."

He was little worried if the Little guy is really knowledgeable.

Once the chief left, Tyler resumed his work, carefully tracing the new symbols into the stone. It was tedious work, but as he focused, he felt a steady rhythm settle over him. He lost track of time until he finally completed the last symbol, standing back to admire his work.

With the repairs complete, Tyler activated the array, watching as it glowed with a steady, vibrant light. Satisfied, he packed up his tools and left the office, stepping out into the cool evening air.

"Is it done?" one of the staff members asked.

"Yeah... but I still need to monitor it for a week to make sure everything's stable," Tyler replied.

After updating them, he made his way to the inn and then to the small shop across the street, where he had spotted a mysterious woman the day before. He ordered some food and waited, hoping to see her again. But as the minutes ticked by, there was no sign of her.

"Little brother, are you looking for someone?" Moeko asked cheerfully as she served him his food.

"No...," Tyler sighed, picking at his meal.

"Oh, come on! You can tell me. I'll help you find them!" Moeko insisted, her smile wide and inviting.

Tyler hesitated but then said, "That woman with the veil..."

Before he could finish, Moeko's eyes brightened. "Oh! You mean Sister Veronica? She's from another city and comes here now and then to buy rare ores. She might stay for a week this time. I didn't know you were into older women, little brother! If I didn't already have a boyfriend, I'd be wooing you myself!" She gave him a teasing wink.

"It's not like that," Tyler said, waving his hands defensively.

Moeko just grinned in satisfaction and walked off to tend to other customers.

The next day, Tyler visited the chief's office to check the array. It was a temperature control array that kept the building comfortably warm, regardless of the outside temperature. After a thorough inspection, he turned to the chief and asked, "About that person I mentioned yesterday—any luck with that?"

"Oh, you mean the Dog Beastman named Jake? There was a fellow like that staying here a while back. He was at the Titus Inn, but it seems he checked out last week. Unfortunately, we're not sure where he went after that," the chief replied.

"Thank you. That's helpful," Tyler nodded. Jake was one of his targets - he might have the treasure that resonates with the mysterious copper pot in Tyler's possession.

Later that evening, as Tyler was returning to the inn, he noticed Moeko stepping into a sleek flying car. He raised an eyebrow in surprise. The model of the car was incredibly expensive, suggesting that Moeko's boyfriend was a wealthy individual. She waved happily and entered the car, disappearing down the street.

With other things still on his agenda, Tyler decided to follow his lead on Jake and visit the Titus Inn to search for more clues.

The next morning, he felt a twinge of disappointment when he found the food stall across from the inn closed. He settled for breakfast at another nearby restaurant before heading over to the Titus Inn.

"The guest you're asking about left over a week ago, and I'm afraid we don't have any further information. Also, no, we can't give out his Terminal number," the receptionist said, sounding politely firm.

Tyler placed a small stack of cash on the counter. "Are you sure?" he asked, giving the receptionist a knowing look.

The man glanced down at the money but kept his expression steady. "I'm sorry, sir. We can't."

Tyler sighed and added more to the stack.

The receptionist gulped but still shook his head, his professionalism unwavering. Tyler nodded in understanding, reaching out to take the cash back. But the receptionist's hand moved quickly, and in an instant, the cash disappeared behind the counter.

"Oh no... I seem to have dropped my money," the receptionist said, feigning a worried expression. "I'll just need a moment to pick it up. Here's the logbook for the past week's guests. I sure hope no one looks at it while I'm down here picking up this money for... let's say two minutes," he added with a hint of amusement in his voice as he bent down to gather the bills.

Tyler grinned, taking the logbook and flipping through it quickly. Within moments, he found the information he needed—Jake's Terminal number, neatly logged from his recent stay. He closed the book and placed it back on the counter just as the receptionist "finished" picking up the cash.

"Thanks for your help," Tyler said, nodding to the man with a grateful smile.

The receptionist smiled back knowingly. "Anytime, sir."

Tyler dialed the number he'd gotten, hoping it would connect him to Jake. However, the line was dead—the number had been switched off. He sighed in frustration, deciding he would try again later.

The next day, Tyler checked in on the array he'd installed. Everything seemed stable, and the staff expressed their thanks. With his work done for the morning, Tyler headed back to his inn. As he walked, he noticed that the little food shop across the street was open again. A small smile crept onto his face; he'd grown fond of the place over the past few days, and it was becoming one of the few comforts in this town.

Inside, Tyler took a seat and ordered a few dishes. When Moeko came over to serve him, he decided to ask, "What happened yesterday? I noticed the shop was closed."

Moeko looked tired, and there was an odd distance in her gaze as she thought for a moment. "I... I don't remember," she replied, her voice unusually serious.

Tyler was taken aback. He'd expected a simple answer, maybe something about a holiday or family errand, but her response left him puzzled. Just then, the woman named Veronica, walked into the shop. The moment Tyler spotted her, his interest was piqued. He decided to start a conversation today.

But Veronica paid no attention to Tyler, heading straight over to Moeko instead. They exchanged a few words that Tyler couldn't make out, but whatever was said, it left Moeko with a confused expression.

Veronica then approached Moeko's parents, who looked equally concerned after the conversation. Tyler watched, trying to piece together what might be going on, but he couldn't catch any of the words.

When Moeko returned to serve his food, Tyler couldn't help but ask, "Is everything okay? You all seem... tense."

Moeko shook her head, her mind clearly elsewhere, and walked away without further explanation. Tyler continued with his meal, but his curiosity had taken hold. He watched as Moeko, her parents, and Veronica hurriedly left the shop together, looking deeply unsettled.

Tyler sensed that something was wrong. The usual cheerful Moeko is nowhere to be seen. Deciding to get to the bottom of it, he discreetly followed them as they made their way down a series of narrow streets and into a secluded part of town.

Eventually, they entered a small, nondescript house. Tyler kept his distance, watching from the shadows. A few moments later, the group emerged again, but Moeko's parents looked completely drained, as if all the life had been sapped from their eyes. They walked in silence, shoulders slumped, with expressions that were hollow and vacant.

Tyler held back, letting them leave without drawing attention to himself. The oddness of the entire situation only fueled his curiosity further. Once they were out of sight, he slipped toward the house and quickly checked to make sure no one was watching.

Finding the door slightly ajar, he slipped inside, taking care to move as quietly as possible. Inside, the room was dimly lit, and he could smell the faint scent of incense lingering in the air. His gaze swept over the sparse furnishings, searching for anything that might explain the family's strange behavior.

When Tyler saw what was inside, his eyes widened.

In the dim sunlight, a few shadows swayed. As the sunlight shone, these shadows appeared and disappeared.

There were three people hanging from the ceiling.

—Moeko and her parents.

Chapter 222: Farewell to Spirits

The three figures hung from the rafters, their hands limp, bodies swaying ever so slightly in the still air.

Shadows played across their faces, casting a chilling contrast between life and the eerie silence of death.

Tyler's gaze was drawn to their lifeless eyes, staring blankly ahead, frozen in a final, haunting expression. Darkened patches marked their skin—evidence of how long they'd been gone.

"They're... dead?" Tyler murmured, a chill settling over him. He recalled his recent encounter with Moeko, her voice, her presence unmistakable.

But if they were gone... how had he seen her?

He took a step back, unable to shake the sense that something was terribly wrong.

"Who is it?" Tyler took a deep breath.

The family of three committed suicide for no reason. This was very strange. Everyone wanted to live. If nothing happened, who would commit suicide? It means something happened and made them commit suicide.

Tyler pondered as he stood on the spot.

At this moment, the sound of footsteps interrupted Tyler's train of thought. He slipped out of the house just in time, blending into the shadows of the street. He then climbed on the rooftop.

A large group of people rushed in from the alley, wearing the officer uniform. The town is managed by chief. These people are probably officers under the chief. Beside them was Veronica, her elegant form unmistakable even under the white veil covering her face. Yet Moeko, who had been with her earlier, was nowhere to be seen.

The leader of the group and Veronica appeared near the house.

"Miss Veronica, is this the house?" the leading officer asked, his voice low.

Veronica gave a brief nod. "Yes, this is it."

The one of the officer rushed in and opened the door. Then, he carried out three corpses with a stretcher covered with a white cloth.

An officer moved swiftly to the door, pushing it open before disappearing inside. Moments later, he returned, carrying the first of three bodies on a stretcher draped in a white cloth. Tyler watched from the shadows as the officers somberly loaded each body, their faces grim and silent. Soon, they turned and began to carry the corpses away, leaving only Veronica and the leader in the quiet alley.

"Officer, I hope that this matter will be carried out impartially," Veronica said, her voice steely.

"Of course. I will use the best method," The leader replied casually.

"The best methods?" Veronica's voice sharpened. Even beneath her veil, Tyler could sense her displeasure. It was obvious that she was unhappy.

"That's all I can say. In some matters... certain individuals cannot be touched. Sometimes, it's best to let things lie". He sighed and left.

Veronica stood there dumbfounded. She soon left with frustration.

At this moment, Tyler jumped down from the roof and looked at the empty house with a gloomy gaze. He had heard it clearly from the roof just now.

From their conversation, he could tell that there was more to Moeko's death.

Putting aside how Moeko ended up in such a strange state, the truth behind this was worth investigating. He would wait, listen, and observe. In three days, he would return to see what the town announced about the deaths. But he had little faith in their "best methods."

Thinking of this, Tyler did not stay in the alley. He disappeared into the shadows of the alley, leaving the silent house and its secrets behind.

Veronica was in a bad mood. She returned to her chambers with a sigh, fingers moving to lift her veil as she closed the door behind her. The delicate fabric slipped away, revealing a face weighed with fatigue and sorrow, her usual serene expression marred by an unmistakable shadow of grief.

After a while, she sighed deeply, reaching into her sleeve to retrieve a small, rolled scroll. Unfurling it with careful fingers, she whispered a chant under her breath. In response, the scroll glowed, a faint, ethereal white light radiating from it. A trio of glimmering spheres slowly emerged from the scroll, hovering just above the floor before gently descending.

The So-Called Ghost Spirit

These orbs were ghostly and white, but within each sphere swirled a faint, dark haze that grew thicker with each passing moment. As they touched the ground, the light shifted and morphed, gradually forming into familiar, human shapes—two adults and a young girl. Moeko and her parents stood before Veronica, their expressions a mixture of confusion and fear.

"Sister Veronica... are we... really dead?" Moeko's voice was barely a whisper as she sank to her knees, her face pale and her eyes hollow.

The middle-aged couple was not in a good state either. They hugged each other tightly and trembled.

"Moeko..." Veronica's voice softened, a deep sorrow shadowing her face. "I know this is hard to accept, but it's true. You're all dead." She paused, watching Moeko's face as the truth settled in. "You weren't ready to leave, and that disbelief... it's what kept you here as spirits."

They are now Ghost Spirits just like Mana.

If a person died with great resentment or under other circumstances like exposed to Death energy, Yin Qi, it was very likely that they would become a Ghost Spirit.

Though these are extremely rare.

Some Ghost Spirits had no rationality. They only knew how to kill.

However, there was a special situation in between, and that was their memories.

The so-called spirit manifested when a dead person did not believe that they were already dead. They still retained the meaning of their previous life and repeated what they had done when they were alive.

This situation is extremely rare. At least in this world. In Tyler's previous world the ancient Ghosts guided those lost spirits to live as a proper Ghost Spirit.

"you should have slowly gained your memories. When you remember the scene of your death, you will turn into a mindless spirit. At that time, you will lose your rationality." Veronica endured the sadness in her heart and added.

"Sister Veronica, I don't want to lose my rationality." Moeko tried her best to raise her head, the black gas between her eyebrows was getting thicker.

At this moment, the middle-aged couple finally reacted. As the black aura deepened, they recalled many things.

The Moeko's mama hugged Moeko from behind and gently touched Moeko's head. Their faces were full of pain.

The Moeko's papa looked at Veronica and smiled bitterly. "Miss Veronica, you want to free us, right?"

Veronica nodded without hiding anything. "I will try my best to minimize your pain."

Veronica doesn't have exorcist items. But she took a small glass tube from her storage device. It shined in white colour. Moeko's parents retreated with pain.

This is Solar Uv Potion. This one is used against some Abyss Ghosts that hates sunlight. With the exposure of Solar Uv, Moeko's parents felt pain and their existence began to fade.

Veronica closed it and hesitated.

"Miss Veronica, we are ready." Mama Moeko patted Moeko's head and comforted her for a while before raising her head.

This decisiveness stunned Veronica.

Moeko's Mama smiled. "We can't cause trouble for the neighbors even if we die."

"Miss Veronica, you don't have to think about seeking justice for us. You'll be in trouble. We're already satisfied that you can send us on our way." The Moeko's papa returned to his wife's side and opened his arms to hug the middle-aged woman and Moeko.

Veronica remained silent, not knowing what to say.

Her grip on the glass tube was very tight.

This was the first time she experienced this feeling. She could feel a sense of helplessness from Moeko.

"Don't want to cause trouble for the neighbors..." Veronica muttered to herself. She repeated those words. Those calm words left Veronica stunned. She hadn't expected such resolve, such selflessness, even in this moment of despair. It only deepened her respect and sorrow for these souls, who, even after death, were considerate of those they had left behind.

At this moment, the speed of the black gas spreading was gradually increasing, and Moeko and her parents began to lose consciousness.

"Urgh!"

A beast-like roar came from their mouths, revealing a sinister and cold aura.

The consciousness in the couple's eyes was decreasing, and Moeko was also changing.

Moeko's eyes were dazed as she lowered her head and looked at her slender palm. Her eyes turned from dazed to ferocious.

She prayed that someone would help her. But for some reason Little Brother Tyler's face appeared on her mind.

But what followed was endless coldness.

"I'm really going to die..."

Moeko's voice was so soft that Veronica could not hear her clearly.

Veronica gritted her teeth and unscrewed the vial. As the potion was exposed to the air, it released a soft, warm light that filled the room. The black aura around Moeko's parents reacted instantly, retreating as their forms began to dissipate, leaving them momentarily at peace.

Veronica frowned because Moeko's black gas on her head is gone. But she didn't disappear. She at least turned back normal.

The couple smiled and they disappeared completely.

Moeko stood there in shock, "Mama, Papa..."

She cried.

Chapter 223: The Truth

The next day, Tyler noticed an unusual bustle in town as groups of people streamed toward the chief's office. He observed the crowd for a moment, sensing that something significant was happening, and decided to follow along.

As he joined the flow of townsfolk, the atmosphere grew heavier. The crowd led him to the entrance of the chief's office, where two imposing warriors stood guard, preventing anyone from going inside. Near them was a wooden sign with a sheet of paper attached, covered in small, densely packed words. People clustered around it, leaning in to read, their faces grim and voices filled with murmurs.

Tyler frowned at the gathering. "Why so many people here?"

He knew that important announcements were usually posted outside the chief's office. Given the crowd and the weighty expressions around him, he guessed the news must be serious, perhaps even connected to what he'd been investigating.

After some effort, Tyler managed to squeeze through the throng, finally reaching the sign. His eyes scanned the paper, and as he read, a knot of dread began to form in his stomach. Line by line, his expression darkened. He barely noticed the tense conversations and somber whispers from those around him.

"I heard it was a family of three... and now they're gone, just like that," one man murmured, shaking his head.

"It happened so fast. I was in their shop a few days ago." Another person added, "At least they caught the culprit. Justice will be served."

Tyler's brow furrowed. He felt the bitterness of doubt creeping in, sensing that the official story might not reveal the entire truth.

The notice detailed a disturbing incident: a gardener at Chief Liu's mansion had reportedly seen Moeko, become infatuated, and eventually assaulted her. When Moeko went missing, her parents went searching, only to find her devastated and humiliated. Stricken by grief and shame, Moeko's parents had allegedly taken their own lives, unable to bear the tragedy.

The notice stated that the gardener would be hanged in the town square the next day as punishment, marking a grim end to the affair. Tyler's jaw tightened as he absorbed the words, feeling a deep unease settle within him. Amid the murmurs of sympathy and anger in the crowd, he spotted Veronica leaving, her face a mask of fury. But as she turned, he glimpsed someone behind her—Moeko, briefly visible, then gone. Tyler's heart skipped a beat, surprise flickering in his eyes.

He recalled the words he'd overheard an officer saying to Veronica just days before: "In some matters... certain individuals cannot be touched. Sometimes, it's best to let things lie."

"Were they really afraid of this gardener?" Tyler muttered, his voice laced with sarcasm. The explanation seemed too convenient, a cover that didn't quite add up. With a heavy sigh, he turned and left the crowd, heading back to the inn. On his way, he passed Moeko's family shop, its door now closed, the once lively atmosphere stilled. Outside, a small collection of flowers and candles had gathered on the steps, offerings from the townsfolk paying their respects. Tyler paused, adding his own bouquet and lighting a candle, quietly honoring the family.

"Why would Chief Liu's gardener be blamed so readily?" Tyler wondered, suspicion curling in his mind as he turned toward his lodgings. He couldn't shake the feeling that something darker lingered beneath the surface. It was unusual for such swift justice to be served in this town, and stranger still that Moeko's family, who had seemed content just days before, would suddenly take their own lives.

As he walked back toward his inn, Tyler stopped his track.

He recalled another thing Moeko stepping into a luxury flying car just a few days ago, smiling.

"Her boyfriend." Tyler eyes turned sharp.

"Your boyfriend?" Veronica asked, her voice laced with concern.

Moeko nodded, her eyes downcast. She had managed to regain her memory, but thankfully she hadn't been reduced to a mindless spirit like others in her situation. Her memories returned vividly, along with the haunting details of what had happened.

"Yes, I had a boyfriend," Moeko whispered. "His name is Liu Feng."

Veronica's eyes narrowed slightly. "Liu... could he be related to Chief Liu Long?"

Moeko nodded again, confirming what Veronica suspected. "Yes, he's Chief Liu Long's son."

Veronica took a deep breath, her expression growing serious. Moeko, young and at the age where emotions could cloud reason, had been charmed by Liu Feng's polished words and seemingly gentle demeanor. He had made her feel special, as though he saw something in her that no one else did.

Moeko said softly. "H- He said he would introduce me to his family, that his father would accept us..."

A few days ago, Liu Feng had invited Moeko to visit his home, promising that he would finally introduce her to his father. It had seemed like a significant step forward in their relationship, and Moeko had felt both excited and nervous. When she hesitated, he assured her with his usual charm, promising that everything would be fine. She had wanted to believe him, wanted to trust that their love could bridge the gap between their worlds.

So, with a heart full of hope, she had gone with him, imagining the possibilities for their future together.

Moeko didn't remember what happened after that when she woke up she was already naked on the bed with bruises. There was Liu Feng along with two other men beside her. She was heartbroken and cried. But those men didn't care about it and forced her again. She passed out again.

Veronica clenched her fist with frustration.

Moeko's parents were worried about her and came to the Chief's Mansion. Liu Feng saw Moeko's mother and his lust flared up again.

When Moeko regained consciousness again, it made her heart broke. Her father was beaten up and tied down. Her mother was getting assaulted by Liu Feng and those Men.

A extreme pressure excluded from Veronica she is shaking in anger.

She unclenched her fist. Her teeth, which had been biting her lower lip, also loosened.

Her red lips regained their color.

She suddenly stood up and took off her white clothes, revealing her jade-like skin.

Her waist was as white as snow.

She took out the black clothes from the cabinet. Veronica slowly put them on and covered her face and head with a black cloth.

A moment later, her face was covered.

"Where are we going sister?" Moeko asked.

"Beast Hunting." Veronica replied with icy tone.

Later that Night

In his quiet room, Tyler took a deep breath, steeling himself for the night's task. He picked up the Phantom Mask. With a single touch, he placed it over his face, activating its power.

His entire appearance transformed; his slender frame expanded, his posture grew straighter, and he stood now as a tall, imposing figure of nearly six feet—a man known only as Phantom Blackwood.

Tyler took a moment to adjust, glancing outside his window. The sky was shrouded with clouds, veiling the light of the three moons and casting the town into darkness.

With a single leap, he slipped out of his room and blended seamlessly into the shadows, his presence undetectable in the stillness of the night.

Meanwhile, Veronica had already arrived at the street near Chief Liu's mansion. She moved quietly, her steps careful. Even at this hour, lamps fueled by prana stones burned brightly at the mansion gates, casting an eerie glow on the scene.

Two servants stood guard, appearing prepared for a long night's watch.

Veronica assessed her surroundings from a distance. She had no intention of entering through the main gate; that would only draw attention. Instead, she veered off toward the far wall, where no one patrolled. It was secluded, silent, a perfect entry point.

From her cloak, Veronica pulled out a small seed and cupped it in her hand. Prana energy swirled around her palm, and the seed sprouted instantly, blooming into a small flower that glowed faintly, lighting her path.

Whispering a quiet incantation, she activated a charm to leap over the wall, her figure lifting effortlessly into the air.

Even cloaked in black with her face covered, Veronica's movements were graceful. Her slim figure moved with elegance as she floated over the wall and descended gently into the Liu Residence grounds. As she touched down, her boots made barely a sound against the ground.

But she wasn't alone.

The moment her feet touched the ground, Veronica heard a faint gasp. She turned, finding herself face-to-face with an unexpected figure.

Standing not far from her was a man in a ghostly mask, his silent presence both unsettling and mesmerizing. The night breeze stirred between them, and for a brief moment, they simply stared at each other, both equally surprised by the encounter.

The silence of the night surrounded them, with only the distant sound of a cat's meow breaking the stillness. Despite her calm exterior, Veronica felt a flicker of unease. She couldn't sense the power level of this masked figure, making him an enigma.

"Ahh, a ghost!" Moeko's startled cry broke the silence, her voice a mix of shock and fear, though Veronica found the reaction somewhat amusing.

Chapter 224: Searching the Culprit

The masked man, however, seemed unfazed. Without acknowledging her, he glanced around briefly, then slipped down a nearby path, vanishing into the shadows as if he were a part of them.

Veronica raised a brow, observing his swift departure. She realized he was also masked and clearly not one of Liu's household. Given the strangeness of the situation, she decided not to pursue him. Instead, she found her own path, maneuvering through the mansion grounds undisturbed.

As they each went their separate ways, a silent understanding seemed to form between them. In that moment, they each had their own purpose, each with an unspoken agreement not to interfere in the other's affairs.

Tyler slipped deeper into the Liu Residence, casting a quick glance back in the direction where the woman in black had gone. He couldn't help but think of her presence—sharp, agile, and unmistakably feminine. How had he known she was a woman? He chuckled at his own thoughts; even under the dim moonlight, her silhouette had been unmistakably clear. That smooth curve and narrow waist—it was easy to see.

The awkward encounter lingered in his mind, but he quickly dismissed it, refocusing on the task at hand.

The Liu Residence was sprawling, its corridors and courtyards winding, making it difficult to locate Liu Feng's room amid the many quarters and wings.

Tyler didn't want to draw any more attention than necessary, so he moved stealthily, blending into every shadow he could find.

Suddenly, Moeko's voice, only audible to Veronica, echoed through the mansion's stillness. "I'm sorry, Big Sister. I can't remember the exact location." Her tone was tinged with frustration and sadness.

Veronica gave Moeko a comforting pat on her ethereal head, a silent reassurance that it was okay. They would find what they were looking for, even if it took a little longer.

As Tyler continued his search, he found himself crossing paths with the woman in black multiple times.

The two would pause briefly, eye each other, and then continue in opposite directions without a word, as though each had not seen the other at all.

They seemed to be in perfect sync, each respecting the other's focus and purpose, bound by an unspoken truce.

But their mutual silence was broken when, just outside a dimly lit room, they faced each other again.

Tyler stopped, observing her for a moment before she finally broke the silence. In a deliberately hoarse voice, as if trying to mask her real tone, she asked, "Are you here to kill, too?"

He blinked, surprised at her directness, but nodded, replying in a similarly hushed and unrecognizable tone, "You too?"

She nodded, her eyes narrowed slightly. The stillness around them intensified, making it feel like the world had stopped moving, leaving only the two of them in this quiet, tense exchange.

Tyler felt the absurdity of the situation creeping in. This was far from his original plan, and things were now a lot more complicated than he'd anticipated. Yet, the strange camaraderie they shared made it hard to feel threatened.

He finally whispered, "Why don't we... do it together?"

Her eyes widened a fraction, as if processing his words. She paused, then gave a slight nod, as if to say, "Why not?" After all, it was too late to back out now, and working together might be the quickest route to achieve their objectives without drawing too much attention.

The silent partnership solidified, they crept quietly toward a window that seemed to lead into Liu Feng's quarters.

Tyler pulled a small knife, holding it in the shadows, its blade catching the faintest glimmer of light.

Gently, he pressed it against the window, piercing the glass with careful precision, creating a small, silent hole they could use to look inside.

Peering through the small hole, Tyler's gaze fell upon a young man lounging comfortably in his quarters, a naked woman draped over his arm.

The man had striking features, yet his demeanor was saturated with a sense of entitlement and self-indulgence—a silkpants through and through. He casually stroked the woman's bare skin, a smug, lazy smile on his lips. It was hard to tell if he was finished with his "fun" or merely building up to it.

Moeko shuddered looking at him.

Tyler felt a nudge on his shoulder. Veronica was behind him, her eyes silently signaling that she, too, wanted to look.

Tyler made a gesture, indicating if she really had to see it.

Veronica nodded without hesitation.

At this point, what else could she not see?

Tyler stepped aside, allowing her access to the small hole in the glass. She leaned in, quickly taking in the scene inside, then shot a glare back at him.

'You were the one who insisted on seeing it,' Tyler thought to himself, feeling little amused.

The two stayed crouched just beneath the window, listening to the conversation unfolding inside.

From within came the woman's voice, light and mocking. "Young Master Liu, I heard that the gardener assaulted your lover."

"Lover?" Liu Feng sneered. "She was just a toy. I played with her, shared her with my friends, and then even had some fun with her mother..." He let out a sigh, feigning regret. "Now that you mention it, I remember. That Moeko... such a pity. But you wouldn't understand—"

The woman beside him laughed, interrupting him. "Oh, Young Master Liu, I understand far more than that little girl ever could..."

Outside the window, Veronica's face twisted in anger, her fists clenched so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Moeko, the restless spirit lingering beside her, turned away, covering her ears, unable to bear hearing more. The agony in her eyes was unmistakable, her small form shivering with suppressed pain and humiliation.

But Tyler's reaction was different. His expression turned cold, a darkness settling over him like an ancient glacier, deep and unyielding.

Veronica glanced over at Tyler. She leaned close to him, her voice barely a whisper, but sharp with intent. "Let's go in and kill him."

She really couldn't take it anymore.

"Alright " Tyler gave a single nod.

After saying that, he smelled a fragrance.

It smelled good.

It wasn't the fragrance of greasy makeup, but a faint sandalwood scent that was refreshing.

Veronica didn't notice Tyler actions either. She was listening to Tyler and was still thinking how to attack them without any commotion.

Moeko looked at Masked man her souless eyes regained a little when she saw Tyler's little action. Even though she doesn't know who this Masked person is, she felt like she has seen him before.

After that, the two of them stopped talking and waited quietly.

As the night deepened, the conversation in the room gradually became lighter.

With a flick of her wrist, Veronica released a handful of glowing seeds, which pulsed softly in her palm before transforming into tiny spores. With a gentle movement, she directed them toward the small hole in the window. The spores drifted inside, spreading through the room like a delicate mist. Within moments, both Liu Feng and the woman beside him had slumped over, fast asleep.

Tyler and Veronica moved swiftly, slipping through the door without a sound. Once inside, Veronica wasted no time. She drew a knife, her eyes cold with purpose, and approached Liu Feng, her hand poised to strike. But just as she raised the blade, Tyler's hand shot out, gripping her wrist firmly.

"Not yet," he whispered. "We need to find out who his accomplices are."

Veronica's gaze met his, and after a moment's pause, she nodded, understanding the need for caution. She pulled back and instead retrieved a small pot from her bag, placing it carefully on the floor. Sprinkling a handful of seeds inside, she channeled her Prana, and almost immediately, the seeds sprouted into thick vines, writhing and growing at her command. The vines reached out, delicately wrapping around the unconscious woman and lifting her to the far side of the room, where they set her down gently.

Then, the vines coiled around Liu Feng, lifting him off the bed. He dangled, limp and exposed, his vulnerability bringing a look of disdain to Veronica's face.

"Can you wait outside?" Tyler asked, his tone calm but firm. "I have a method to get the answers we need."

Veronica hesitated, glancing briefly at Moeko's spirit hovering nearby, a mixture of anticipation and trepidation in her eyes. She gave Tyler a reluctant nod. "Ten minutes. No longer," she agreed, stepping back, unable to stand the sight of Liu Feng any longer.

As she exited with the unconscious woman, Veronica noticed a faint shimmer around the room's doorway. Her eyes narrowed, and she muttered under her breath, "Concealment Array." It was a precaution, blocking her view of what was happening inside.

Meanwhile, inside the room, Tyler took a step forward, his expression darkening as he prepared to confront Liu Feng. With a swift slap across his face, Liu Feng jolted awake, groggy and disoriented.

"ahh..." He screamed like a pig. Tyler slapped him again.

Chapter 225: Justice Served

Liu Feng's consciousness slowly stirred, and he groggily opened his eyes. It took him only a moment to realize he was bound tightly by thick vines, his arms and legs held firmly in place.

Panic surged through him. He tried to scream, but his mouth was gagged by the same strange vines. His muffled cries echoed weakly in the dim room.

Then his gaze fell on the masked figure standing before him—a dark, foreboding presence that sent a chill down his spine. He knew this man meant business, and terror welled up inside him.

"What... what do you want from me?" Liu Feng managed to communicate through sound transmission, his voice trembling.

The masked man tilted his head slightly, his expression hidden but his eyes sharp and cold beneath the shadows of the mask.

Tyler's voice, distorted to a low, metallic tone, cut through the silence. "Young Master Liu Feng, it seems you have quite the fondness for women," he said, his words laced with a biting edge.

Liu Feng's heart hammered in his chest, and his mind raced. "A-are you here for revenge?" he stammered through the sound transmission. "Whose husband are you?"

Beneath the mask, Tyler's mouth twitched in a mixture of anger and disbelief. This guy... how many lives has he ruined without even remembering them? he thought, disgust flooding his mind. But he didn't let his anger slip; instead, his gaze hardened.

"Enough talk." Tyler's eyes glowed faintly as he activated his power. Brain Freeze. Instantly, a searing pain shot through Liu Feng's mind, as though an Icicles had clamped down on his skull. He groaned, writhing as much as he could in his bonds, but the pain was relentless, stabbing through every corner of his consciousness.

"Finally, some peace and quiet," Tyler muttered aloud, observing Liu Feng's now-silent form. He reached into his storage device and pulled out a small glass flask. It held a pale, shimmering liquid, almost luminous in the dim light.

"This is Moonlight Healing Potion," he said, his voice calm and cold. "You've probably heard of it. The famous potion that can regrow limbs and restore flesh... a miracle for most people." Tyler let the implication hang in the air. He then placed it in his copper pot.

"But first... let's take care of a little business." Tyler pulled out a gleaming pair of scissors and leveled his gaze on Liu Feng's shaking form.

He moved closer, his eyes narrowing in disgust as he looked down at Liu Feng, bound and helpless. "This disgusting thing is just hanging there in the air. I don't like it," Tyler said, his voice laced with venom as he raised the scissors.

Snip.

A silent scream of agony erupted in Liu Feng's 3rd leg as Tyler cut off the source of his crimes. His face contorted in sheer, unbearable pain, his eyes bulging as tears streamed down his cheeks. The vines muffled his cries, but his eyes conveyed all the horror and suffering he could not voice.

"Don't worry," Tyler continued, holding up the flask. "I've got just the thing to fix you right up." He poured a few drops of the Moonlight Healing Potion onto the wound, and the flesh began to regenerate, mending itself quickly but leaving behind raw, throbbing pain.

Tyler waited only a moment before lifting the scissors again. "Round two."

Liu Feng's eyes widened in pure terror, and he shook his head furiously, his whole body quivering. But Tyler's hand was steady.

Snip.

Another wave of agony crashed over Liu Feng as Tyler made the cut once more. His mind reeled from the trauma, and his vision blurred. Each cut was followed by the taunting hope of healing, only for the cycle to begin again. The Moonlight Healing Potion repaired his injuries but could not erase the memories of pain seared into his mind. The physical wounds were healed, but his spirit and sanity were fraying with each cut.

10 minutes later...

At that moment, the concealment array Tyler had set up around the room flickered and deactivated. The door creaked open, and Veronica stepped inside with Moeko. Both women froze upon seeing the figure kneeling on the ground, staring up with soulless eyes, his body trembling and his face a twisted mask of despair.

Veronica's breath hitched as the scene hit her. The image of Moeko sitting in quiet anguish flashed through her mind, and a pang of satisfaction surged through her. For a brief moment, she felt vindicated seeing Liu Feng's spirit crushed like he had crushed Moeko's.

Then a faint smell drifted through the air, snapping her out of her thoughts.

"Is that... burning?" she murmured, wrinkling her nose in confusion.

Tyler glanced around and muttered, "Ah, thought I cleared everything." He shrugged nonchalantly. "Just some trash that had to go up in smoke. Nothing important."

"What's next?" Veronica asked.

"We have to save the innocent Gardener." Tyler said.

"How?" She asked.

"Do you have anything that can mute him for a while?" Tyler instead asked another question.

The next day arrived swiftly-the day of the gardener's scheduled execution. Crowds gathered in the town square, where a gallows loomed over the crowd, casting a dark shadow on the cobbled stones below. The air was tense yet tinged with anticipation. At the front of the crowd stood Chief Liu Long, projecting a sense of authority as he addressed the townsfolk.

"Welcome, my people!" Liu Long boomed, his voice carrying across the square. "Today, we are here to uphold justice. Justice prevails over all!" He continued his grandiose speech, each word dripping with self-righteousness.

In the crowd, Veronica stood quietly, her eyes scanning the faces around her. She was searching for any sign of the masked man, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mysterious masked man.

But Tyler is in his young form blending seamlessly with the crowd. She had no way of connecting him to the masked figure who had helped her seek vengeance the night before.

Tyler noticed Veronica and glanced at her figure. The beautiful curved -- The shape of her body was identical to that of the mysterious woman from the night before. He was now certain that Veronica was indeed the same woman he had encountered.

"She really needs to learn disguise." Tyler sighed.

Unbeknownst to Tyler, however, a ghostly figure-a mere silhouette of a girl-hovered close by, her gaze fixed upon him, her ethereal form unnoticed by the living.

The tension in the square mounted as officers dragged a man toward the gallows. His face was covered, and he struggled against their grip, his movements frantic, desperate.

Liu Long's gaze sharpened, and with a quick, dismissive gesture, he approached the restrained man.

Slap

He slapped the man.

"Why are you struggling?" Liu Long sneered before turning back to the crowd. "Execute the culprit!" he commanded, his voice slicing through the air. The crowd erupted into cheers, hungry for justice, or at least the appearance of it.

The officers dragged the man forward, forcing him onto the gallows despite his frantic resistance. The executioner, who had been leisurely drinking from a flask nearby, quickly downed the remaining contents, donned a black mask, and took his position beside the condemned man. He looped the noose around the man's neck, tightening it as the man struggled.

"If you have any last words," the executioner announced, his voice gruff and indifferent, "now's your chance."

"Mmmm... hmmm..." the man attempted to speak, but only muffled sounds emerged from his mouth. The executioner observed him with disinterest, shrugging. "Looks like they cut his tongue," he muttered, before moving to the lever.

Just as he was about to pull it, Veronica, who had been murmuring under her breath, finished a quiet incantation. Vines sprouted from within the man's mask, tearing it away in a sudden burst, exposing his face. Gasps rippled through the crowd as the man's identity was revealed.

"Father! Help me... it's me!" Liu Feng's voice rang out in desperation, his eyes wide and pleading as he stared at Chief Liu Long.

The crowd fell into stunned silence, the weight of his words hanging heavy in the air.

Liu Long's face twisted from shock to horror. His smug expression vanished as he realized the man on the gallows was his own son. In a panic, he surged forward, attempting to reach him, but a barrier of protective arrays on Liu Feng's body lit up preventing anyone from approaching.

Liu Feng's screams echoed painfully, his body convulsing as the array pulsed with energy. Helpless, Liu Long could only watch as his son writhed in agony before finally going limp.

Justice Served...

Meanwhile, the gardener who had been the original target of this execution was already far from town. In the early hours of the morning, he had fled with his family to another city, aided by mysterious benefactors. Now, safe from harm, he turned back toward the direction of town of Thanes, bowing low with his family in a quiet gesture of gratitude to the person who had given them their freedom.

